WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIII JULY, 1916 No. 3

THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor

IN THIS NUMBER

King Henry VIII., His Wives and His Children. Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Statesmen and Popes.

Where Did the Roman Church Get Its Bible?

Editorial Notes and Clippings

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In the preparation of this work, the author exhausted all the known sources of information, and no work on the subject has superseded his. It is standard, and will remain so.

Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now owns plates, copyright and all.

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CONTENTS

BY THE EDITOR

KING HENRY VIII., HIS WIVES AND HIS CHILDREN. ALSO SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORANEOUS KINGS, QUEENS AND POPES.. 125

HOW DID THE ROMAN CHURCH GET ITS BIBLE..... 135

EDITORIAL NOTES,..... 175

THE WOMAN OF BABYLON,.....Jos. Hocking.. 147

WOMAN THE INSPIRATION OF THE LAW.....Judge H. D. D. Twiggs 170

THE IDEALIST (A Poem) .....Ralph M. Thomson 134

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To a Beautiful Girl

By George D. Prentice.

Beautiful girl ! thou art bright and fair
As an angel shape in the moonlight air ;
No shadow rests on thy brow of snow,
Save that of thy tresses drooping low.
Thy lovely cheek, where the rich, red glow
Of the warm blood melts through the virgin snow,
Is sweetly blending in one bright dye,
The woven beauties of earth and sky.
Truth, holy truth, in its freshness dwells
Deep, deep in thy dark eyes' shaded wells,
And fancies wild from their clear depths gleam,
Like shadows of stars from a trembling stream ;
And thy thoughts are a dream of Eden bowers,
And thy words are garlands of flowers, bright flowers.

Beautiful girl ! I have seen thee move,
A floating creature of joy and love,
As light as a mist on the sunrise gale,
Or the buoyant sway of a bridal veil,
Till I almost looked to see thee rise
Like a soaring thought, to the free blue skies,
Or melt away in the thin, blue air,
Like a vision of fancy painted there.
Thy low, sweet voice, as it thrills around,
Seems less of sound than a dream of sound ;
Softly and wildly its clear notes swell,
Like *the spirit tones* of a silver bell ;
And the lips whence the fairy music flows
Is to fancy's eye *like a speaking rose.*

And oft in my dark and lonely moods,
When a demon wing o'er my spirit broods,
Thine image seems on my soul to break
Like the sweet young moon o'er a gloomy lake,
Filling its depth, as the shadows flee,
With beauty and love and melody.

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THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIII JULY, 1916 No. 3

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens and Popes.

Prefatory Note:

WHEN Archbishop Mora of Mexico sneaked out of the dangers he had created for himself, and went to New Orleans to conspire with Felix Diaz, Archbishop Blenk, and Cardinal Gibbons, *for the overthrow of the government of his own country and the restoration of priest-rule*, he was but following the immemorial policy of his political church.

Not even the jealousies, rivalries, and ambitions of dynastic families have caused so many wars as have been waged in the interest of the Papal Hierarchy, to further their insane and satanic passion for universal dominion over the minds, the hearts, the purses, and the souls of men.

Notwithstanding all the craft, energy, organization, and financial resources of the Roman Catholic politicians, they are constantly overreaching themselves, constantly being foiled in their deep-laid plots, constantly being discredited and set back by invisible forces which cannot be entirely suppressed.

In the following chapters, we will see this truth illustrated; and we will trace the English Reformation directly to its true source, towit; the conspiraces, the rapacities, the corruptions, the double-dealings, and the inordinate ambition of the Italian priests who seek to rule mankind through ignorance, superstition, and sacrilegious misuse of the name of God.

CHAPTER I.

William the Conqueror invaded England with the approval and the blessing of the Pope, but the stalwart Norman never became a serf to Rome.

After his conquest, he was the supreme ruler of his realm, spurning the claims of the Pope, wherever they trenched upon the royal prerogatives.

The sons of William were weaker men; and the dispute for the crown, between these sons, gave the Romanist intriguers an ideal opportunity to advance Papal usurpations. When the Plantagenet, Henry II., ascended the throne, he found royal authority over-

lapped, to a degree that was hampering and humiliating to a high-spirited King. The abbots, bishops, and archbishops had preached the treasonous doctrine that the Pope was invested by God with the right to transfer crowns from one man to another, and to release the subjects of Kings from their oaths of allegiance.

Henry II. himself bought from Pope Adrian IV. the written license to invade and conquer Ireland, the condition being that Henry should share the spoil with the Pope. This most perfidious bargain between a grasping layman and a rapacious priest, was the historic origin of Ireland's woes.

Catholic to the core, Erin was sold by a Holy Father to a Catholic King, yet, the victim remained fanatically loyal to the foreign church which betrayed her into bondage, and which has ever since been her heaviest burden.

But before this, Henry II. had reached a point in his career at which the issue arose, whether *he* was to be King of England, or whether *the Archbishop of Canterbury* should be. Thomas a'Becket was as stiff-necked a prelate as ever imagined himself to be a Christian. He was haughty, domineering, and aggressive, loudly proclaiming the supremacy of God over the King, in order that he himself might act the part of the Almighty.

Priests do not care so much for Popes, as they do for themselves; but they are alive to the fact that they are a part of *a system* and the head of the system must be elevated to the Godship, if they also would be considered divine.

The idea that works in the back of their heads is, *that God and his angels, in Heaven, must be divinely represented, on earth, by the Pope and his priests.*

According to papal theory, Kings, Emperors, States, and Peoples are secondary, as the moon and stars are to the Sun. Indeed, Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrand, of Canossa fame) used that simile, *and enforced it upon the Emperor of Germany.*

The immediate provocation which the Archbishop (who was a Norman) gave to the King, was his refusal to surrender, to the civil authorities, a priest who had committed a brutal murder. During the unsettled conditions of preceding reigns, the ever-encroaching priests had wrung from the crown many concessions, one of which was that the clergy should not be amenable to the laws of the land.

The natural consequence of such immunity from punishment was, that the crimes of the priests constantly grew bolder and more numerous. At the time King Henry's demand upon the Archbishop of Canterbury was made and defied, there were *one hundred murders*, by priests, for which no priest had been arrested. They had fled to "sanctuary", their hands dripping with blood; and the Roman Church had insolently said "No!" when the Civil Power came asking for the criminals. The Church went through the form of trying these malefactors, herself, in her own ecclesiastical courts; and the penalties consisted of fines to be paid *to the church*, and of "penances", consisting of some silly performance in cloister, or cathedral.

To a very late day, indeed, this "Benefit of Clergy" served to protect law-breakers guilty of heinous offences; and as the civil law exempted *those who could read*, (upon the supposition that none but priests could do so) we have a lurid light thrown upon the Romanist claim that *education*, in the Middle Ages, was almost universal.

Sir William Blackstone tells us in his standard "Commentaries on the Laws of England": "Everyone that could read (a mark of great learning in those days of *ignorance*, and her sister, *superstition*), being accounted a clerk, or *clericus* (priest) was allowed the benefit of clerkship, though neither initiated in holy orders nor trimmed with the clerical tonsure." (Book IV. C. 28. p. 367.)

This freeing of criminals who could read, was not done away with until

after the Revolution of 1688, when the last Roman Catholic Stuart King was overthrown by William of Orange.

There was another great cause of quarrel between the Norman prelate and the Plantagenet monarch: the Archbishop denied the right of the King, and of the nobles, to appoint anyone to a clerical position. When a gentleman of Kent made an appointment of that sort, according to the custom of the realm, Becket excommunicated this Catholic layman.

The King asked the Archbishop to annul this terrible sentence—terrible, because, in those days, it was equivalent to a living death, for no good Catholic would associate with, speak to, or shelter and feed a person branded with the horrible curse of Rome. Such a sentence drove the wife from the side of her husband, the sister from her brother, the father and mother from son and daughter.

The human brain never conceived a form of words more furiously satanic, than Rome's curse upon the excommunicated. It was meant to freeze the very heart of the victim, and to cause all other Catholics to regard him with horror. To associate with such a cast off pariah, or to reach out to him the Christian hand of help, was a contamination, a mortally sinful weakness, which would assuredly lead the sympathetic soul to damnation, unless some priest were paid to stop the hellward descent by saying prayers, *in Latin*.

No petition, worded in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Gaelic, or English, could possibly cancel a curse which eternally damned the unfortunate man's head, body, legs, feet, arms, and hands: his brain, his eyes, his tongue, his lungs and liver and heart: his throat, his bowels and his genitals: his goings and comings, his wakings and sleepings, his running, walking, standing, lying down, kneeling, sitting, hopping, jumping, gaping, coughing, and sneezing: of course, his *soul* was most ferociously, comprehensively, and everlastingly damned.

It was this sentence, awful and fatal in those days, which Thomas the Archbishop launched, because a Kentish Catholic had appointed a parish priest for his manor, according to the law and custom of England!

To the King's request for a removal of this papal curse, the haughty Archbishop returned a defiant reply, thus joining issue with the monarch as to which power should dominate. Should it be the foreign church, with the Pope at its head? or should it be the English King, and the ancient laws of the land?

If it had not been true that the Archbishop was going too far, and beyond all the precedents of Roman usurpation, the English bishops would not have taken sides with the King. This, they did. They not only declined to follow the arrogant Norman prelate, but remonstrated with him so firmly that he agreed to be advised.

They, as Englishmen, wanted the Pope kept within the bounds of the ancient laws of the realm.

The Archbishop at length realized his inability to combat both the English priesthood and their King, and he consented to appear before Henry and a Council, at Clarendon, near Salisbury.

Here, (in 1164) the King, the Archbishop, and the assembled nobles and prelates agreed, in writing, upon the Constitutions of Clarendon, a name nearly as full of meaning as that of the Great Charter of Runnymede.

In brief, these articles of agreement, *unanimously* adopted, checked the fudging of the ecclesiastical power upon the civil: greatly restricted the exemption of priests from civil jurisdiction: and restored the ancient custom, as to the appointments of priests to clerical officers.

The Archbishop signed the Constitutions, reluctantly: and, when the Pope at once annulled them by an insolent decree of his own, the Norman prelate repudiated his former action.

You can readily understand what a sensation was created in England, when a foreign potentate arrogated to him-

self the power to annihilate the time-honored laws and customs of the realm.

The King, justly enraged, charged the Archbishop with treason, and brought him to trial before a great council, composed largely of Catholic bishops, who earnestly besought the prelate to resign, and thus save the Kingdom from turmoil and possible bloodshed. He was obstinately bent upon establishing *Rome's supremacy*, and he refused to listen to the entreaties of his bishops.

Further, he added fuel to the fire, by denying that there existed in England any tribunal, or any law, to which he was subject. Only the Pope could try him, he said; and when the council condemned him, on the law and the evidence, he disguised himself and fled into Flanders.

From there, he appealed to the Pope against his King; and it suited the King of France—who hated Henry II. —to uphold the priests.

The Pope ex-communicated the King, in terms already indicated, and Henry forbade the publication of the hideous document in England. Nevertheless, the saintly Thomas of Canterbury found secret means of sending the forbidden paper to the English bishops.

Then it was that the badgered and desperate monarch cried out—"*Is there no man who will rid me of this pestiferous priest?*"

Three Norman Knights secretly left the court, and went to Canterbury, where they sought the saintly Thomas in his magnificent palace.

"What do you want?" he inquired, truculently.

They told him that he must do one of two things: he must surrender to them the papal decree of excommunication and deport himself as a loyal subject, or he must leave England.

He refused to promise to do either. The Norman Knights then retired, to summon the twelve men whom they had brought to the palace. While the Knights were away, the Archbishop passed into the cathedral, where service was in progress.

The Knights found him there, and attempted to arrest him. He struck one, and applied an obscene epithet to another. Then, they fell upon and slew him.

There isn't the slightest evidence that the killing was the main object of the Knights, or was ever intended by the King. The Archbishop had returned to England for no other purpose than to win his fight for Papal supremacy; and his remaining in the realm, to enforce the Pope's decree, meant either civil war, or the deposition of the king.

Hence, the demand of the Knights, that he either promise to abide by the Constitutions of Clarendon which he had signed, or go back to his Sovereign, at Rome.

This was in substance, all that the Knights demanded; and had Thomas agreed, there is every reason to believe he would not have been slain.

If murder had been a matter of premeditated plan, the Knights could and would have done the deed *in the palace*. When they went out to fetch the guard, they meant to make *an arrest*, which could not safely be made by three men who were in the midst of a large number of priests; whereas, if assassination had been the purpose, they could easily have killed the prelate and made their escape.

To kill him, in the Cathedral, before the altar, while the Cross was held before him, was not a thing that the Catholic Normans would have done, to a fellow Norman, *by premeditation*.

When the news flew abroad that the Norman knights had slain Becket, the whole Roman system went into convulsions. Roars of rage issued from the Vatican, from every cardinal's palace, from every bishop's diocese; and soon the tempest was beating upon the head of the King so fiercely that he thought it prudent to bend.

The world will never forget the barefoot German emperor who was kept waiting outside, *three days*, while Pope Gregory VII. feasted with his mistress, *inside* the castle at Canossa; nor will it ever forget, that the papal claim of supreme power .over

Princes and Peoples, compelled the mighty Plantagenet, Henry II., to take off his shoes, walk barefoot through the streets of Canterbury, (with a lighted candle in his hand, of course) and then, in the cathedral, to strip his clothes, and let ignorant, dirty priests *whip him, on his naked back.*

The abject surrender to Rome having been made, the Pope graciously condescended to allow Henry to keep his crown.

Henry's son, Richard Cœur de Lion, spent very little of his short reign in England, and he naturally pleased the Pope very much by going upon a Crusade to the Holy Land. The valiant Plantagenet came near to making the conquest of Jerusalem, but did not quite do so. During his long captivity in Austria, on his way back from Palestine, the Pope made no effort to secure his freedom. After Richard lost his life, in the sordid attempt to seize *treasure trove*, at the Castle of Chaluz, his brother John blinded and imprisoned the rightful heir, (Prince Arthur) and usurped the throne.

It was during the reign of this degenerate, that the Pope (Innocent the Great) compelled England's King to surrender the crown, *acknowledge himself the Pope's vassal, and receive back the kingdom as a papal fief!*

This undeniable fact outweighs tons of argument, in controverting those American papists who pretend to believe, that the Pope's claim is to *spiritual supremacy*—not to temporal.)

In spite of the anathema which Innocent III. had proclaimed against the Great Charter of Runnymede, the old Anglo-Saxon liberties strode forward, little by little; and the beginnings were made, *by lay Catholics*—who knew not what would be the final outcome—of the English Reformation.

Out of the murk of events which followed the death of the degenerate John, the monumental figure of Edward I. arises. No sooner was he firmly seated upon the English throne than he began to curtail the papal power.

Among other laws, he prohibited the church from making any additions to its landed property!

(See Chap. III. p. 47, "Modern History of England,"—Turner—and marginal citations of original, standard authorities, such as Matthew Paris, History Middle Ages, etc.)

During the reign of the brilliant and popular Edward III., (victor at the famous battles of Agincourt and Cressy) the policy of resisting Rome's encroachments was vigorously pursued. At a time when voracious priests were securing vast accumulations of property on the continent, and were ruling Princes with almost unopposed despotism, England became conspicuous as the one Catholic Kingdom where the State curbed the Church, and where freedom of opinion did not enable a priest to murder a layman. Had it not been for the royal intrepedity of the 1st and 3rd Edwards, the voice of the humble Catholic rector, John Wycliffe, might never have been heard, save in a vain effort to save his life from clerical vengeance.

The glorious reformer attacked the papal system on account of its insatiable greed for money, its corruption of morals, its man-made machinery and doctrines. Chiefest of all his services to true Christianity was his translation of the New Testament, from Greek into the English language, thus placing the Bible within reach of the comparatively few who could read. These few, however, read it to the illiterate, eagerly; and, as an old chronicler tells us, the Wycliffe Testament was better known to the uneducated laity, than the Bible was to the educated clergy.

As everyone knows, the Black Prince died before his father; and therefore a weakling grandson succeeded the great Edward III.

This grandson, Richard II., married a Bohemian princess; *and she became a convert to the doctrines of John Wycliffe.*

The Roman high-priests determined to kill the reformer, and they began their proceedings by citing him to ap-

pear before the Bishop of London.

Wycliffe came, but, accompanying him, came also the most powerful nobleman of the realm, John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III., the "time-honored Lancaster" immortalized by Shakespeare. Protected by the soldiers of this Duke, the reformer could not be seized; but the priests incited riots, on so fierce and large a scale, that "Time-honored Lancaster" fled from his own palace on the Thames. Of course, John Wycliffe became a hunted fugitive whose capture would have meant his speedy death by fire.

See, now, what slender threads become the leading-strings of prodigious events:

The King of England takes a Bohemian princess to wife: she listens to the Wycliffe version of Christianity, and her household follows her example: one of her attendants enters the University of Oxford, and there imbibes the doctrines of Wycliffe: the Bohemian princess quietly passes away, ten years after Wycliffe; but the Oxford student carries the new-old doctrines back to Bohemia, *where he teaches them in the University of Prague.*

Jerome and Huss of Prague become converts; and so the inspiration from England finds root in Germany. In vain, the murder of Jerome and Huss by the Council of Constance! Fire burns the martyr to ashes, and the river bears the ashes away to the distant sea, but the word of the prophet died not, and the foul crimes of that Council did not avail the criminal Roman Church.

Later, a studious monk, who had discovered and read a copy of the Bible, found also a copy of Wycliffe's sermons in the convent library—facts which seem to prove that this particular convent wasn't very orthodox.

The studious monk was Martin Luther.

Who knows that he was not Wycliffe's convert, as the Queen of England had been, and as were the martyrs of Prague?

The conversion of the Bohemian princess cost her husband his crown.

Protected by the Duke of Lancaster, and countenanced by the favor of the Bohemian princess, the principles of Wycliffe threatened the stability of Rome's sacerdotal power.

The priests decided upon a change of dynasty. The Archbishop of Canterbury disguised himself, slunk off to the continent, and held secret meetings with Henry Bolingbroke, the son of "Time-honored Lancaster."

The ambitious prince had been banished, on account of a deadly feud between himself and the Duke of Northumberland. He was living in Paris, naturally resentful against Richard II. who had banished him, and eager to listen to a traitor whose treason promised a throne.

(See Modern History of England, p. 50, and authorities cited in the margin.)

The Archbishop of Canterbury pledged to Henry the support of Rome; and Henry, on his part, agreed to stamp out heresies and heretics, when he should come into power. Readers of English history will recall how easily successful was the conspiracy; how the feeble Richard II. found himself powerless, how he was degraded, and imprisoned; and how he soon mysteriously died.

The triumphant usurper, Henry IV., immediately began to persecute Catholics who believed in Wycliffe's ideals of Catholicism.

Henry IV. compelled Parliament to enact an atrocious statute which sent to a horrible death, in the flames, every person who refused to admit that a piece of bread and a glass of wine can be changed, *by a man, INTO A GOD.* The next King, Henry V., was so zealous in this worse than Neronian madness, that he personally feasted his eyes upon the awful agonies of one of his loyal subjects who rejected that contemptible doctrine.

One of the most gallant soldiers of Henry V., and one of the most devout of Christians, Sir John Oldcastle,

was personally tongue-lashed by Henry V.—the Prince Hal of Shakespeare—and was then ruthlessly burnt at the stake, because the heroic knight would not act the hypocrite, and *profess* the belief, that woman-born human creatures can create their Creator.

After having won the marvellous victory of Poiters, Henry V. goes to Paris, weds the daughter of the King of France, and dies; to be succeeded by a weakling son, Henry VI.

The young and beautiful widow of Henry V. falls in love with a private gentleman, who had fought with distinction at Poitiers, and had therefore been selected by his King to be a personal attendant upon the Queen.

The marriage is secret, and nobody seems to know that another family of children are growing up, who have royal blood in their veins. The knowledge of the secret marriage and the children, did not reach the ears of Henry VI., until his mother had borne her last child.

Even then the easy-going Henry took no alarm, but, on the contrary patronized his step-father with generous moderation, and created his half-brother, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

Then came the War of the Roses, again, with Edward Plantagenet and his brother Richard, as military leaders. Mainly by the talent and daring of Richard, the Lancastrians are overwhelmed and driven out of the realm.

Reigns, now, King Edward IV., after whom comes Richard III., whose *caricature* was drawn by Shakespeare, the loyal subject of the usurping Tudors.

While Richard III. was King, he rebuked the clergy, in Convocation assembled, demanding of them a stricter attention to their religious duties, and a more rigorous enforcement of morality. Lord Bacon who was Queen Elizabeth's chancellor, and therefore not a partisan of the fallen dynasty, said of Richard III., that he was "a prince in military virtue approved, jealous of the honor of the English nation, and likewise *a good lawmaker* for the ease and solace of *the common people*."

In his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," Lord Campbell pronounced Richard's administration "the most meritorious for protecting the liberty of the subject, and pulling down abuses in the courts" that England had known since the reign of Henry III.

(See "Lives," Vol. I. p. 407.)

No ruler has ever yet set his hands to the reform of Church and State, without antagonizing *rested wrongs*. The most selfish interests known to humanity, *always* resist such a reformation. Plots multiplied against King Richard, whose administration of the Northern Marches, under his brother, Edward IV., is conceded to have been a model of honesty, justice, and good order; and whose home-life, with Anne of Warwick, at the vast castle of Pontefract, is admitted to have been happy, blameless, and royally hospitable.

He was *not* deformed and humpbacked, until the usurping Tudors began to hire venal writers to blacken his memory; nor was he in London when the "corse" of Henry VI. was borne through the streets; nor did he or any other mortal, ever *stop a funeral to court the chief mourner*.

One has to be very "far gone" on Shakespeare, to pin faith to that absurd, monstrous Scene.

During the life of Edward IV., it was "Richard of Gloster" who did the fighting, when conspiracies broke out. It was natural that conspiracies should break out against himself, also, for he was believed to have caused the murder of the true heir to the throne.

Of course, each rebellion suppressed by Richard swelled the ranks of his deadly enemies. In each case, high and haughty heads were shorn off by the axe; and, as each aristocrat fell at the block, his kindred swore vengeance, *if a time should come*.

In Paris, again, there was a banished prince whose blood was royal, and whose ambition soared. This was Henry Tudor, son of Edmund, who

had married Margaret Beaufort, a descendant of a bastard son of "Time-honored Lancaster."

The Duke had prevailed upon Parliament to legitimate his children, but these children were expressly barred out of the succession *to the throne*.

Therefore, Henry Tudor had no legitimate claim whatever to the English crown, but it is highly probable that only a few knew of the proviso contained in the Act of Parliament.

At any rate, Henry Tudor became a claimant, to the crown, and around him all the elements of aristocratic dissatisfaction, all the Adullamites, and most of the priests were rallying.

One of his attempts to land in England failed, but his supporters were not to be discouraged. The next attempt was successful, and led on to Bosworth Field, where braver men did Henry Tudor's fighting, and where his step-father's treason doomed the last of the Plantagenet Kings.

When Lord Stanley deserted Richard and went over to Henry, at the crisis of the battle, Richard saw at a flash that a soldier's death was all he could win upon that hard-fought field.

It is a marvel that so clear-sighted a monarch as Richard III. allowed Lord Stanley to remain in power, and Stanley's wife, in the full enjoyment of enormous wealth, when he knew that *she* was supremely devoted to her only son, and that she naturally influenced her husband in the same direction.

Lord and Lady Stanley were such extreme Catholics that, after their marriage, *they registered vows of celibacy*: hence, they were regarded with peculiar favor by the Roman hierarchy.

History tells us that it was another Archbishop of Canterbury (Morton) who first suggested the overthrow of Richard III. by Henry Tudor. It was Morton who communicated his design to Henry's mother, then the wife of Lord Stanley. The conspiracy ripened rapidly, but the Duke of Buckingham ruined the plot by revolting prematurely. He lost his head, and the wife of Stanley was condemned to death, but she was spared at the prayer of her husband. This act of clemency cost Richard his throne and his life, for the conspirators immediately began their preparations for another effort, aided by Henry's mother and her crafty husband—who appears to have completely duped the suspicious King. After Henry Tudor had been crowned by his step-father, on the field of Bosworth, and had been acclaimed, "King Henry VII.," he proceeded leisurely to London, where he placed his victorious banners in Morton's church, and placed himself as a guest in Morton's palace.

(A full account of Morton's intrigues which dug the grave for the Plantagnet dynasty, is to be found in a recent work published in London, and entitled "The Strife of the Roses and the Days of the Tudors.)

Then the religious persecutions started again.

Henry IV. had been the first English King who burnt *men* for denying that bread, on the altar, was God; and Henry V., like his father, had burnt men, only; but, now, the insatiable bloodthirst of Rome demanded *women*, and Henry VII. readily acquiesced.

Burnt, accordingly, was Joan Boughton, in the year 1494, two years after Columbus stumbled upon the Bahama banks.

Joan was the first of England's female martyrs, and she was *eighty years old*, when those devils incarnate, Morton, Henry VII., and the Pope kindled the fire that ate her poor old shrivelled body! Gray hairs, the wrinkles of age, the pleadings of trembling lips and palsied hands, touched no cord of pity in those merciless monsters.

After Joan's frightful sufferings and death, the same fate overtook her daughter, the Lady Young, she, also, perishing at the stake in Smithfield.

Neither of these Christian women could be persuaded or intimidated. Either of them could have saved her life, by saying that the bread on the Catholic altar, *was God*.

They died amid hellish torments, rather than pollute their faith by such a preposterous *profession.*

Rome's bloodthirsty wolves seized upon William Tilsworth because *he* also, scouted the bread-God; and, after he had been fastened to the stake, the pious papists, in charge of the murder, *compelled his own daughter—his only child—to set fire to the fuel which consumed her father!*

Did Huron savages ever equal such diabolism?

To dance around the stake at which the victim burns, and to mock his agony, is devilish enough, God knows! but to compel a daughter to set fire to her father, was undreampt of on earth, before the rage of persecution converted popery into a devouring, insatiable, Satanic Anti-Christ.

When Lawrence Ghest was condemned to die by fire, because he, too, refused adoration to the bread-God, his torments were aggravated by the presence of *his wife and seven children*, who were forcibly brought to witness that awful sight. Good Catholics, who were not *papists*, were burnt; others were *branded in the face with hot irons;* others were chained in cold, damp prisons, and held there at the pleasure of the bishops—the lighter penalties being imposed because of some slight deviation from papist discipline.

Such was the immediate fruit of the bargain made by Morton and Henry Tudor—a bargain which seems to have had the fullest sanction of Henry's pious mother, who lived through all these horrors, and who survived her cold, crafty, miserly, and pitiless son.

If a Scottish seer had sounded a warning to Henry VII., and his mother, telling the blood-mad bigots that the Day of Wrath could be seen in the future: telling them that their own Tudor line would break the Papal yoke, establish the English Reformation, give Wycliffism its triumph over papalism, and deal to Rome and Spain a mortal blow, in the utter rout of The Invincible Armada—if such a prophecy had rung in the ears of Morton, of Henry Tudor, and his saintly mother, they would almost certainly have reassured themselves with the belief, that "God was pleased," when the odor of human burnt sacrifice ascended to Heaven, and that "God" would not permit "heresy" to exist on the foot stool.

Sometimes I wonder whether the Vatican plotters, the Jesuit intriguers, and the Romanist priests, generally, ever think of Bishop Morton as the industrious dynamiter of English Papalism. That's what he *was*, although he didn't go to be. All of his windings and twinings, all of his schemes and his plans, all of his duplicities and crimes—resulting in a change of reigning dynasties—led straight to that absolutism of royal power, which enabled the despotic son of a usurping father to smite Romanism, *as no Continental King could have done.*

And when Henry Tudor's granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth, defied Spain, resisted Papal blandishments, escaped Papal assassins, and rode triumphantly on troubled waters to the haven of Protestantism, Bishop Morton's conspiracy against Richard III., had come to a truly grotesque, ironical net-result—a result stupendously hurtful to Rome.

At the time Bishop Morton was developing his conspiracy against Richard III, the Pope was drawing from England to Rome, *a yearly revenue five times greater than that of the King!*

The Roman clergy had again secured legal exemption from the laws of the realm, and they could not be tried by the Crown for any crime, no matter how heinous. Even for robbery, rape, and murder, the priests were exempt from State prosecution.

They had used their humbug relics, miracles, divinations, prayers, blessings, threats, penances, and indulgences to such good commercial purpose, that they owned about one-third of all the wealth in the kingdom.

Their vast monasteries, abbeys, cathedrals, and landed estates dotted

the realm; and into those conventual sinks of idleness, vice, and crime, poured golden rivulets of unearned revenue. A French lady—a Catholic, of course—was taken to see the treasures heaped together in the Cathedral-shrine of "Saint" Thomas a'Becket; and her amazement was so great that she estimated the wealth of that one church to be greater than the riches of any King in Europe.

If an angel from on high had told Bishop Morton that he and Henry Tudor's saintly mother were plotting *against* all these things, so precious to Rome; and that their successful plot against Richard III. would lead directly to Rome's loss of all this, the angel would have warned in vain. The plotters couldn't see it; the historian does.

(Note: The word, Tudor, is the English form of the Welsh name, Tydder. The French form is, Toutant. If the Christian name "Toutant" was given to the Confederate General Beauregard, because of *family descent*, he may have had in his veins the blood of the royal houses of both England and France. "Toutant" is a name, that would not be given by a fond parent to a helpless child, without some good reason.)

(To Be Continued.)

The Idealist

Ralph M. Thomson.

What matters it if famine strips the land—
If sullen War demands, in blood, his pence,
And leaves behind, alas, on every hand,
Gloom and despair, and waste and pestilence?

What difference does it make if barren fields
Cry out to heaven in their emptiness?
Or, whether condescending Fortune yields
To pleading hearts, and bids them sorrow less?

Think not the head-strong traveler to sway
By friendly warnings of some bitter wage;
As soon attempt to change the night to day—
He is a dreamer on his pilgrimage!

How Did the Roman Church Get Its Bible?

IN the year 1907, there was published (by Sands and Co., London) "The Life of Saint Jerome", translated from the Spanish of "The Reverend Father Jose de Siguenza, Professor Monk of the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo, Madrid"—the translator being a devout Romanist named Mariana Monteiro. Siguenza lived in the 16th century, and was a subject of Philip II., the Spanish monarch who sent the Invincible Armada—filled with soldiers, sailors, priests, holy bones, holy splinters from the True Cross, and the Pope's blessings—to dethrone Queen Elizabeth, and root the accursed heretics out of England.

Siguenza was esteemed the most profound scholar in Spain; and his admiring King used to say, that it were an easier task to mention what Father Jose did *not* know, than to inventory his stock of learning.

Indeed, Siguenza dearly loved a book; and there was nothing that he loved more ardently, except one thing; and *that* was, to see his most blessed King set fire to accursed heretics, and burn them to death, *because* they had ventured to differ from him on a matter of "faith."

The best-known work of this "Great Doctor of the Church", Siguenza, is his "Life of Saint Jerome", now translated by Mariana Monteiro, a man who was nobody in particular. He was just a Spanish devotee, living in England, with a sufficient knowledge of our tongue, to introduce to us a Spanish book.

Inasmuch as Jerome was the author of the Romanist Bible, it became a necessary part of Dr. Siguenza's story of the Saint to tell about the origin of the Latin Vulgate, the Book which Jerome made.

The official Douay version of the Scriptures, now used by priests in English-speaking countries, goes back to the Vulgate; and, as Jerome wrote the Vulgate, we naturally want to know where he got it.

Dr. Siguenza explains this, at length; and I will condense his narrative for your benefit. People, generally, have the vaguest notions of the origin of Bible, and of the time when it first became known to us earthenware mortals. There is no mystery as to St. Jerome's version of the Book, for Dr. Siguenza knew more about it, apparently, than did the Saint, himself.

On page 293 of "The Life," we are informed that the Old Testament was "written by the act of the Holy Ghost, the ministers being many." This statement warrants the supposition that some of those Jews who were the "ministers" of the Ghost, are responsible for the story about the fire-proof Hebrews, Meshech, Shadrach, and Abednego; also, the "fish tale", which caused that almost converted Indian to back-slide; also, the incident of the two little Palestine she-bears that devoured 42 Jewish boys, at one meal, also the novel manner in which Samson made incendiaries of 200 foxes that he had out-run, and whose tails he tied together; also, the phenomenal four-footed ass that spoke reproachfully to Balaam.

Dr. Siguenza states that the Old Testament was originally written in the Hebrew language, and he says that the word Hebrew means, "traveller." He also states that the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into the Chaldaic and Syriac tongues; by three Jewish

scholars, Orchelos, Jonathas, and Josephus. Dr. Siguenza asserts that this was the *first* translation.

On the contrary, Dr. Abraham Geiger, Rabbi of the Israelitish Congregation at Frankfort-on-the-Main, (Germany) declares that the first-translation of the Jewish Bible—*the first book ever translated*—was from the Hebrew into Greek. Dr. Geiger states that this first translation "is still extant under the name of *The Septuagint*." He says that, according to "embellishing legend," seventy Elders were engaged in the work, every one of them *separately;* and that when every one of the seventy translations agreed with every other, "it became evident that the translation had been illumined, as it were, by the Divine Spirit."

This statement based upon "embellishing legend," is very different, indeed, from the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, as stated by the Spanish monk.

(See page 146. "Judaism and its History: Geiger.)

The sole authority cited by Dr. Siguenza is "Elias the Levite," who seems to have been a Spanish-Jew, author of a long-forgotten book which he called, "El Meoreth."

In the light of the researches and discoveries of modern students, it would seem that Dr. Geiger is a better authority than the Spanish monk, who wrote in the 16th century, and who mentions but one obscure and doubtful authority. To do him justice, Dr. Siguenza intimates a doubt as to the truthfulness of his witness, for he prefaces his statement by the cautious words, "If we may believe Elias the Levite."

It would seem to be the safer plan to believe Rabbi Geiger, who enjoyed vastly greater advantages than did either Elias, or Dr. Siguenza.

But, if the Spanish monk went wrong on so important a point as *the first translation*, one's faith in him receives a shock, at the threshold of his narrative. Having translated the Old Testament from the original Hebrew, into the Chaldaic—for what purpose it is impossible to say—the Jews next made a translation into the Greek, according to Dr. Siguenza.

While we can't understand what the Israelites wanted with a Bible in the Chaldaic, we see at once why they wished a Greek version, for the Great Alexander had done mighty things in Egypt; and that province had fallen to Ptolemy, who had made Alexandria a luminous centre of Greek literature, philosophy and education. To put the Bible into Chaldaic, was to bury it with the dead; but to put it into Greek was to give it wings that would bear it throughout Asia Minor, from the Euphrates to the Hellespont. How far the Greek ships, caravans, and travellers might carry it, no man could predict.

What is Dr. Siguenza's account of the Greek translation? Who made it, and when?

The Spanish monk says, that St. Clement of Alexandria mentions a Greek translation made before the time of the Macedonian conqueror, but the name of the translator was unknown! Dr. Siguenza further states, that this translation was familiar to Plato and Aristotle, who stole its doctrines for their own use in their books!

None but a Spanish monk could hold a straight face, while classing the Greek philosophers as pupils of the Jews.

If we turn to Rabbi Geiger, we find that it was just the other way!

The Alexandrian Jews borrowed from the Greeks, and made alterations in the Jewish Bible, to suit Grecian prejudices. On page 147, Dr. Geiger says that the first translation, *The Septuagint*, "bore upon it the impression of the Grecian spirit of that country", (Egypt) and that, while it followed closely the letter of Holy Writ, "*isolated alterations occur*, such as were demanded by the circumstances of the country."

"Aside from *these* variations, due regard was paid to religious and philosophical views."

The views of whom? *Those of the Greeks!*

Dr. Geiger states that, in the second and third centuries after Christ, several new translations, from Hebrew to Greek were made, because of the inaccuracy of the first. He says, also, that the Greek spirit entered deeply into Jewish life; and that the Jewish doctrine comprised in the *Logos*, "was the compromise into which Judaism entered with Hellenism." Thus, instead of Jewish doctrines contributing to Greek philosophy, the Greek philosophers helped to give written form to the new religion of Christianity.

The Gospel of John is distinctly Greek, in its lofty style and profound thought; and it is amazing to me that any literary expert, passing from John's last chapter, (the 20th) into the spurious 21st, cannot *feel* the change of atmosphere. The 21st chapter is, to the genuine John, what alloy is to gold. I would stake my head on the proposition that the forgery of the 21st chapter was contemporaneous with *the selection of Peter*, for Roman purposes, *after* the first church of Rome had been more fittingly dedicated to the noble, high-minded John—who did *not* deny his Master, and who was closest to him when he died. The Christ, who—dying in fearful agony—left his mother to the Beloved Disciple that had never played him false, was not likely to pass him by, in cold avoidance and silence, after the Resurrection. Nor was John the man of fickleness and levity, to gayly propose a fishing picnic, before the blood of Christ had dried where it fell on Golgatha. No! That stupid, inconsistent, ridiculous 21st chapter *smells rankly of the monkish forger*, who forged the Isidorean Decretals, upon which the Papacy is established.

The Romanists now admit the latter forgery, but retain what they fraudulently gained by it.

The real John closes with the solemn, dignified words—

"But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name."

Here the word, "Amen," originally ended the Gospel.

The spurious chapter terminates with *this* absurd verse:

"And there are also many other things which Jesus *did*, the which if they should be written every one, I *suppose* that even the world itself could not contain the books that *should be* written."

Now, refer back to the first chapter of John, with its high, sonorous tone.

"In the beginning was the Word—*Logos*—and the Word was *with* God, and the Word *was* God,"—a Greek idea, never an idea of the Jews of Ezra's day.

"There was a man sent from God, and his name was John.

"The same came for a witness, to bear testimony (or witness) for the Light, that all men through him might believe.

"*He* was not that Light,—himself—but was sent to give evidence (bear witness) of that Light."

Can you even imagine this divinely commissioned messenger, friskily crying out "*I go afishing*," as Peter did; or as saying, "I'm going, too!" when Peter proposed the jaunt?

And then, consider the 21st verse which states that Peter saw John, following himself and Christ, and that the pert Peter inquired—

"Lord, *and* what shall *this man do?*"

In the preceding verses, Peter had been made the leading figure: it is he who blithely chirps, "I go afishing;" it is Peter who alone jumps into the water to swim ashore to Jesus: it is Peter who hauls out the net, with the 153 big fish; it is Peter who monopolizes the conversation with the Lord: it is Peter who is solely entrusted with the feeding of the sheep; and it is to Peter, only, that Christ says:

"Follow me."

Truly a Petrine chapter! Then, as the unnoticed John is seen by Peter to be following in silence, the flattered and patronizing Peter blandly inquires of the Master:

"What shall *this* man do?"

As who should say, "Lord, you have put me in charge of your flock and your church: now tell me what I must do with John"—*John*, the Beloved: *John*, the faithful, whose head rested on his Master's breast on the night of the Supper: *John*, who was almost under the drip of Christ's blood, on Calvary: *John* who was the son that Mary was to adopt, in the place of the Crucified One!

This fickle, choleric, easily frightened Peter, the only Disciple whom Christ called "Satan" and a stumbling-block, and the one who allowed a kitchen wench in Pilate's house to terrorize him, *this* is the man that reappears in the 21st Chapter, as the chiefest of the Apostles; and Christ does not even speak to John, at all!

Now, consider the 24th verse: "This is the disciple (John) which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things, and *we know* that his testimony is true."

If John was the witness and the writer, how can you explain the words, "*We* know that his testimony is true?"

To whom does the "we" refer? It is known that the Twelve separated, some to go East, some to go West; and John is believed to have lived his last days on the Isle of Paphos. Peter was in Babylonia, among the Jews who were so very numerous in those regions; he wrote from there, and died there. Tradition, rather than history tells us where the other missionaries went; but it is certain that they separated.

Then *where* was the Gospel of John written, and whom did he mean by "we"?

But the last verse betrays the clumsiness of the forger, when he converts the *impersonal* John into a glib witness, testifying, *in the first person, for the first time*:

"I suppose!"

Is there another verse in the Bible comparable to the 25th of 21st John, with its irreverent *I SUPPOSE?*

What is it that the forger make's John suppose?

That Christ *did* so many things during his *three years'* ministry, that the whole world could not contain the books necessary to record those *deeds*.

Write books, until every continent is stacked, volume to volume: write until the Lakes, the Gulfs, the Rivers, the Seas, and the Oceans are covered: write, until the Islands are packed with libraries, and parchments link Pole to Pole—and still these myraids of books could not tell all that Christ *did*, in three years!

Can you fancy the sedate, conscientious, conservative *John* making a wildly incredible statement like that, based upon the levity of *I suppose?*

Everyone is presumed to be aware of the hearsay Gospel of Luke, and to have been struck by the fact that this hearsay witness wrote many things not to be found in Matthew, Mark, John, and Peter: but even Luke did not intimate that he was writing no more than a mere infinitesmal portion of the things which Christ *did*, during his very brief ministry.

To *believe* the last verse of 21st John, is equivalent to believing *that we do not possess any true record of Christ's work*.

The *Logos*—which means "Thought" as well as "Word"—is a purely Greek conception of God, differing altogether from the gross, material idea of the Jews, who indulge in a vulgar familiarity with Jehovah, bringing him upon the earthly stage, like an actor answering the prompter.

To the primitive Jews, recently separated from other Arab tribes, God appears as a powerful *person*, creating a universe by manual labor; talking of the work, as it goes on; and resting like a tired laborer, when the task is finished. He walks with a Jew, in the cool of the evening, and the two converse: he issues personal commands to Abram, to sacrifice his son: he says to another Jew, in substance, "You are not permitted to see my face, but, you may see my rear"! To another, he comes in person, to write laws with his fingers; and to another he gives minute

directions for the butchering of animals and the cooking thereof.

Isn't all this *grossly* material? Doesn't it vulgarize the very idea of the Supreme Being?

Even now, the animal kingdom, using its instinct, knows as well as we do what, and how, to eat; why should it need a personal teaching from on High, to put us on a level with brutes and birds, and reptiles?

The *Logos*, which John had in mind was the Greek idea: it represented the first creation as *a Thought*, a divine spark, flung into space by the Almighty: an invisible *power* which beget visible things: a quickening, germinating, creative spirit, born of Divinity, whose work will not end until the universe passes away.

If we are content to let *Faith* dethrone Reason, then we *may* believe, that God commanded Joshua and his marauders to rip up the bellies of pregnant women, kill all the males, slaughter the old women, and deliver the young ones to the brutal soldiers, to be ravished and held in concubinage.

But before *Reason* can accept that picture of a Creator, who was *the Father* of both the Jews and the Canaanites, and who planted the same humanities in Jew and Gentile, we must find some way to reconcile the intolerant, revengeful, merciless, and blood-thirsty God of the Jews, to the Christ who heralded the gospel of Brotherhood, Love, Charity, and *Forgiveness*.

If we ask *Reason* to guide us to what we shall believe, than the Grecian idea of the *Logos*, satisfies the intellectual man as well, perhaps, as he can ever hope to be satisfied.

To say that we really understand a system of things which had no beginning, is to tell an arrant falsehood; and to say that we comprehend the system which has neither start nor finish, is to condense the essence of all lies into *one*.

Orthodoxy hoots. "*Don't ask!* These mysteries are beyond the finite mind. *Believe!* Pray for Faith!"

If you and I are not to inquire, it was unjust to endow us with a yearning to know.

Place yourself, in imagination, at the beginning of human life, where the allegory in Genesis places Adam: what would have been your mental state?

You would have wondered *why* you came to be there, and what for. The orchard had already been planted, tended, and brought into fruitage. Tempting apples bent the boughs; and the birds, and flowers, and ornamental trees, and rippling rivers, made the Eden perfect. But, as you were to live forever, life would have seemed inspid, purposeless, hardly worth having, if you were to spend hundreds of years keeping the borers and caterpillars out of the orchard.

Besides, there was Eve, a lovely young nymph, whose charms meant nothing to you, for you hadn't yet "fallen." She was with you, but not of you. Eve and you made *two*, not *one*.

Now, honest! can you imagine what would have happened, if Adam and Eve had not eaten the apple, and put an end to that dull life which was leading nowhere?

There was nothing to do, except look after the orchard; there was nothing to eat, except fruit; there was nothing to drink, but water; there was nothing to wear, except two skins; there was nothing to talk about, for neither one of these naked humans had ever seen anything, outside the garden; or ever heard anything, except the gurgle of water, the sigh of the breeze, and the song of the bird. There was nobody to visit; and no neighbors to drop in, for a sociable chat. There were no children in the Garden, and none outside. Adam was not expected to enjoy Eve, save as an under-study in tending the flowers, and trees.

Now, *honest!* had you been placed in a position like that, and a serpent had come along—a snake gifted with conversational powers—and he had broken the oppressive monotony of the Garden by telling you of a Tree of *Knowledge*, wouldn't you have made for that Tree? Apples? Why you'd have sat under

the tree and devoured every apple on it, if thereby you could escape the pall of ignorance, and of *Nothing-to-do!*

By eating the forbidden fruit, Adam came to a knowledge of Eve's Womanhood; and—driven ignominously from a Garden that was never to have heard the croon of a mother's lullaby, nor the melody of childhood's happy voices—Adam *rose to Manhood*, and became a father.

When Adam fell, he fell *upward;* and if Eve led the way, then one more crown of glory belongs to *Motherhood.*

The Roman Catholic Church doesn't pretend to know whether Adam is in Heaven or not. If he went to Purgatory, for disobedience, he's there yet, because nobody has ever hired the priests to pray him out. But theologians tell us, that Judas Iscariot is *surely* in Hell.

Yet, both Adam and Judas did the indispensable thing for the human race. There wouldn't have been sons and daughters to Adam and Eve, if they had not "sinned"; and there couldn't have been a Great Sacrifice, redemptive of "lost" humanity, if Judas had not betrayed his Lord.

Of course, the Casuists argue, that the All-wise and the All-good may, *consistently*, call into life a person to act a necessary part, in the Divine plan: and then, when the part has been acted, torture that person, *forever*, because he does, what he was sent to do. If *that* is justice, then the Almighty did not endow *us* with the same ideas that the casuists attribute to *him.* We cannot believe that a righteous God would create a man to do a certain thing, and then damn him for doing it.

But I must assume that my Reason is of divine origin; and if my Reason spurns the idea that God could eternally damn and torture me, for doing what the law of my nature made me do, then haven't I the right to say, that the author of my divine part will not burn me, forever and forever, because I listen to my Reason and follow its guiding hand?

We haven't any manuscripts that go farther back than the 4th century; and where a Book is being changed from one tongue to another, copied here, and re-copied yonder; with words illegible in one copy, and marginal notes mistaken for text, in another—is it hard to believe that 400 years would bring about many variations in the original?

Shakespeare hadn't been dead a century before the experts were disputing over the correctness of certain phrases; and even now the debate goes on, as to whether Justice Shallow said, "I am one that hath had losses", or "one that hath had *leases.*"

If theology depended upon Shakespeare, you can readily see what a vital difference one of those two words would make; yet, to a hurried, or careless copyist, "leases" might seem "losses" and *vice versa.*

Jerome, then, sat himself down to make a new Bible, by translating the Hebrew. But whose Hebrew? The learned Jews tell us that Ezra sat *himself* down, some 400 years before Christ, to make a new version of the Sacred Writings of his own people. They say that Ezra was very liberal with himself in the matter of making changes in the time-honored manuscripts. Anything which Moses and his successors left out, and which should have gone in, Ezra supplied. Anything that Moses *et al.* wrote, and Ezra disapproved, was dropped into the waste-basket, as it were. To use the language of present-day journalism, Ezra used his blue pencil vigorously on those hoary documents.

So it was to Ezra that Jerome went for *his* version; and it was Ezra's revised and corrected Old Testament, that became the foundation of Jerome's Vulgate.

The Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature, edited by John Kitto, D. D., F. S. A., is a voluminous and standard work. It is catalogued in the list of the "Best Reading", and "Guide-book to Books."

In the article on Ezra, there is a wood-cut of his tomb, a large Moorish-looking structure, crowned by a lofty and beautifully proportioned dome. Of course, it cannot be proved

that it is really Ezra's, but tradition says it is, and the Orientals respect it as the venerated relic of a glorious past.

The structure stands on the Tigris, about 20 miles above the junction of this river with the Euphrates; therefore not far from the spot where tradition locates the Garden of Eden.

The English, the Turks, and the Russians have recently been battling in the bloodiest of wars, within sight of where Legend says Adam knew his wife, and where the wail of the first babe fell upon the first mother's ears.

Desolate now, very desolate, indeed! is that region of the Garden; and there is hardly a clod in all Mesopotamia, Babylonia, and Assyria that has not soaked up human blood, even as it drank the blood of Abel when his brother slew him, in the first dispute about religion.

Ezra was a lineal descendant from Aaron; was apparently the sole custodian of the Mosaic law; was a leader of the Jews returning from the Babylonian Captivity; was the author of the new alphabetical characters of the Biblical book which bears his name, and also—it is supposed—of *Chronicles.*

Dr. Kitto makes this extraordinary statement concerning Ezra:

"*That is to say*, he selected the Jewish *writings which he considered best, for the making of the Hebrew Bible!*"

What books did he reject? We do not know. By what test, did he give preference to the manuscripts which he chose? We do not know.

Dr. Kitto makes a more astonishing assertion when he states that—"He (Ezra) is even said to have *rewritten the whole of the Old Testament, FROM MEMORY*, the copies of which had perished from neglect."

A paralyzing declaration! According to this standard, orthodox authority, *Ezra is truly the author of the Old Testament*, since he composed a part of it himself, and re-wrote the rest of it, from memory.

It was therefore Ezra's Bible which supplied the quotations of Christ and the Disciples and the Primitive Christians. It was Ezra's transcript from his memory, that Jerome used, *and changed.* None of the original Sacred Writings exist; and no copy of the Bible has yet been found which dates back earlier than nearly 400 years after Christ.

Jerome's Vulgate necessarily rests upon Ezra's recollection of the Old Testament; and upon manuscript copies of the New Testament, *not older than the assumption of the Primacy by the Bishops of Rome.*

How many Christian ministers know this amazing fact? Is there a single one of them that ever told a congregation about Ezra's method of making the Old Testament? I venture to say that every Rabbi knows it, and that every intelligent Jew does, also.

Only 400 years before Christ, and no Jewish Bible in existence! The ancient "Sacred Writings" lost, *through neglect!* "The word of God" dependent upon the treacherous memory of one human being! Suppose there had been no Ezra, or that he had forgotten a few verses!

I frankly confess that Dr. Kitto's statements staggered *me*, for, while I knew it was claimed that Ezra had *edited* the Sacred Writings, some 400 years before Christ, I did not know that he did so from fickle memory, the Sacred Writings themselves having been lost.

What had become of the earlier versions? They were written upon material which was practically imperishable; they were reverently preserved in churches and monasteries; there were the strongest motives to save them from destruction, not only because of their sacred character, but because of the great expense of making new copies.

Parchment was expensive, and the hand-work involved in copying the whole Book, enormous.

Yet it has been impossible to unearth a copy of those New Testament books, ante-dating the usurped primacy of the Roman bishops.

The Roman prelates had at their disposal the safest of receptacles for the Book; and the libraries of the

Vatican, of London, of Paris, of Madrid, and of Constantinople contain manuscripts, inscribed tiles, and written cylinders that take us back to the days of the first Pharaohs, of the Babylonian kings, and of the Etruria that was old, before Ezra wrote the Jewish Books.

What does this unexplained disappearance of the Biblical manuscripts suggest? Its coincidence with the advancing usurpations of the Roman bishops creates a violent presumption, that the earlier manuscripts *were destroyed, PURPOSELY.*

This presumption ripens into conviction, when we reflect that there has been no complete disappearance of the books which were rejected as Apocryphal. *These* black sheep could not be used against Rome: the canonical books *could;* hence, *their* total destruction.

The supposedly oldest Bible now existing, was discovered by the German traveller and scholar, Tischendorf, who found it in a pile of waste-paper, at the Greek Catholic monastery on Mt. Sinai, in 1847. It dates back only to the fourth century. In addition to the Four Gospels, the Pauline Epistles, Acts, Revelations, and the other canonical Letters, it contains a book called *The Epistle of Barnabas*, and a portion of another, called *The Shepherd of Hermas.*

The Alexandrian Bible, manuscripts, belonging to the 5th century, include the books *Tobit, Judith, Esdras*, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th *Maccabees*, the *Wisdom of Solomon*, the *Wisdom of Jesus*, and two *Epistles of Clement.*

The Clermont Bible (Paris) contains the books mentioned above and, also, *The Acts of Paul, The Revelations of Peter*, and the entire *Shepherd of Hermas.*

The oldest Vatican manuscript Bible ends with a mutilated *Hebrews*, at Chap. IX. V. 14., and does not contain all of Genesis!

Nobody knows what other books it originally contained.

What manuscripts, *older than these*, did Jerome use? Nobody can tell. If he had any that *were* older, and which corresponded with *his*, why were they *not* preserved, with reverent care, in the security of the Vatican?

Parchment, such as scribes used in the olden days, is so indestructible in its natural state, that many of the ancient books have been recovered, by the simple process of wiping off the modern rubbish which the monks had written *over* the original text. These manuscripts are called, Palimpsests. They are conclusive evidence—absolutely conclusive! that the original Ms. Bible did not disappear by any natural decay.

Some of those Palimpsest parchments are older than Christianity; older than Buddhism; older than the Schools of Plato and Aristotle.

Come! The matter is deeply, widely interesting, and the field of speculation opened by it, fascinates, by its very strangeness, and by the new thought it awakens: let us go into it more fully, doing so *fearlessly.*

During his long, illustrious career, Aristotle, the tutor of Alexander the Great, collected a mass of manuscripts, large and valuable. When he died, 322 years before Christ, the first Ptolemeian King of Egypt bought his collection, to form the nucleus of the Alexandrian library. How old were these papyrus books, when Aristotle purchased them? We do not know; but we *do* know what went with them, and with all the other precious manuscripts which Ptolemy, and his son, and grand-son drew to the vast Serapion the Nile.

That glorious library, full of the literary treasures of ancient civilization, *was burnt by a gang of half-naked, ignorant, filthy monks*, who rioted down into Alexandria, from their bestial caves in the desert-rocks, and set fire to that priceless accumulation of books.

Those dirty savages had already been led by the blood-thirsty Cyril, (Alexandrian prelate) to rush into the school-room of Hypatia, teacher of Greek philosophy, and to lay violent hands upon the wonderfully gifted

girl, drag her into the streets, strip her clothes off and tear her, limb from limb—the first time that a priest of Christ had elevated atrocious murder into a Christian virtue.

The very culture which Hypatia was imparting to the youth of Egypt, our Christian Universities now seek to impart, to the youth of America, and of Europe!

At the time those lousy monks butchered the refined and beautiful Hypatia, the manuscripts used in her school were at least 700 years old, for Aristotle died 322 years before Christ, and the verminous savages did not kill her, until 372 years, *after* Christ. If we surmise that many of the Mss. were ancient, at the time Aristotle bought them—as we reasonably may—then *Hypatia's text-books were a thousand years old.*

The plains of Shinar, and the mounds of Chaldea have yielded up their secrets to the indefatigable questioners, sent out from France, Germany, and Great Britain. Piece by piece, the excavated tablets, tiles, and cylinders have been cleaned, deciphered, and translated—a work of prodigious toil and unwearied patience. But we know, now, what Ur of the Chaldees held within the mounds that closed and cloaked the written story, the folk-lore tales that the Jews took with them into Canaan, and embodied in their Sacred Writings. Those Chaldean cylinders may have been in use when the fugitive Canaanites set up the stone pillar, near the old harbor of Tangier, in which Cæsar repaired his ships, before sailing to attack the ancient Britons of England.

Upon that pillar was this inscription: "*WE ARE THE CANAANITES: WE ARE THEY WHO HAVE BEEN DRIVEN FROM OUR NATIVE LAND BY THE JEWISH ROBBER, JOSHUA.*"

The ruins of a bridge that Cæsar built, and of the dock where he loaded his fleet with grain, are still there; the Canaanite tablet, exposed to the centuries of weather and the tooth of Time, was seen by Roman historians, so late as the commencement of the Christian era.

We know that many of the engraved cylinders and inscribed tablets in the British Museum are *four thousand years old*: we know that those Assyrian books came from the royal library on the Euphrates; and that those imperishable Chaldean Cylinders and tablets relate the story of the Flood, of Moses and the bullrushes, and of the Prodigal Son.

Four thousand years old! Yet, the Roman Church—which, at a very early period, took possession of the pagan temples, the pagan palaces, the pagan collections of painting, sculptuary, music, literature and religious ceremonial—cannot produce *a Bible*, that is more than 1600 years old!

It can produce Grecian statues 4,000 years of age; and coins used 6,000 years ago; and mummies of the Egyptian monarch contemporary with Moses. It can exhibit remains of Sardis and of Etruria, which date back to a time when the Jews were still a nomad Arabian tribe. It can display manuscripts that Plato may have thumbed, and Alcibiades learned from; vases that may have held incense to Nebuchadnezzar, and ornaments which may have been worn by Semiramis. It chants the music that was old, when Cyrus was young; kisses the images that were worn smooth, by pagan lips, before a band of rovers founded Rome; adores local deities that hallowed the fountains at which Aspasia may have drunk, and the mountains upon whose summits Alexander may have stood, before he went forth to conquer a world, and die of debauch in Babylon.

But you ask in vain at the Vatican *for a Bible* that is as old as the Age of the Antonines, the golden era of humanity's tragic career! You ask in vain for a Testament out of which Eusebius may have taught Constantine the Great!

It is all that the Pope and his Vatican librarian can do, to show you a mangled copy which may have existed when the monk-ridden emperors, Theodosius and Justinian, were begin-

ning to systematize the Papal Inquisition, and to allow priests to murder Christians on account of theological differences.

And even that solitary, mutilated copy of the Book, is so jealously concealed, that no one, save an approved Catholic scholar, is allowed to examine it. None but the Roman prelates know whether or not that 4th century Testament contains the interpolated sentence about Peter and the rock, the spurious twelve verses of Mark, and the forged chapter of John.

Doesn't it strike you as a most suspicious circumstance, that Popery, which claims to possess the maternal milk and the clothing of the Virgin Mary, does not even claim to be able to show a Bible that was in existence at the time the Councils sifted the bran from the meal, and voted for the canonical books?

Where are the manuscripts that were in evidence at the Council of Laodicea, when our Bible was first adopted by ballot? You can ask: *nobody can answer.*

The Roman bishops, the Greek prelates, and the patriarchs of the Eastern Churches had those manuscripts *then*: what became of them? No one knows.

But we *do* know that the Jews preserved their Sacred Writings and Holy Vessels, until Titus stormed Jerusalem, sacked the Temple and carried away, to Rome, the silver trumpets of the Jubilee, that David and his wayward Absolom may have heard; the massive gold table where the shew-bread rested, before the days of Solomon; the seven-branched candle-stick that was glowing in the time of Christ; and the sacred tablets of the Mosiac law—all borne in triumph to Rome, 70 years after Christ.

Did not the early Christian bishops think enough of the Bible, to take as much care of it as they did of the temple, which Constantine took from the pagans and gave to the Christians?

Why did they preserve the little black statuettes of Venus, which they found in those pagan temples, and which are now used by Catholic Cathedrals in Rome?

Why did their guardian care discriminate in favor of the bronze statue of Jupiter, whose toe was already worn down by pagan kisses, and whose shoulders are now crowned with the head of St. Peter?

Ah, the marvel of it all! They let the "Word of God" get lost; and they kept, instead, the pagan regalia, the pagan chant, the pagan chalice, the pagan altar, and the pagan creed.

Why did the Roman bishops let Holy Writ get lost?

Because they needed another version, whose interpolations and forgeries could not be proven by the mere inspection of an earlier copy.

No other reasonable hypothesis can account for the total disappearance of so sacred a treasure as the New Testament manuscripts.

The pagan temple, which Constantine gave to the Bishop of Rome, still grandly rises on the Tiber, bearing the name of St. John. The Tomb of Hadrian, which Roman bishops seized and rifled, yet belongs to the Pope, under the name of the Castle of St. Angelo. The Roman prelates, even now use the very images, altars, and vessels which the pagan Pontiff, and the pagan Vestals, used in the worship of Jove and Juno.

How came they to lose the Bible?

Who removed it from the Church of St. John? Who removed it from the palace of the bishop? Who destroyed it, and why? The crime cannot be saddled on the "barbarians", for no barbarian came to Rome, after Constantine, until the 5th century. Besides, *the "barbarians" spared the imperial library* which must have contained copies of the New Testament, since the emperors had become devout, priest-ridden, persecuting Christians. It was left to the Roman bishop, Gregory the Great, to burn that vast collection of secular and sacred manuscripts; and this barbarian used *his* torch, *two hundred years after Alaric had spared the books.*

What a tumult of thoughts agitate one's mind, as we reflect upon the wholesale obliteration of ancient culture, by these stupid, fanatical monks of Alexandria and Rome! No wonder mankind groped in the dark, *for a thousand years*, after clerical barbarism had put out the lights of secular learning!

From a very early age of the Christian Era, the clerical caste, *aiming at a new paganism*, instinctively hated and feared the secular book, the unshackled pen and tongue of *the independent thinker*.

From the very beginning, the clerical caste, *aiming at a new paganism*, instinctively hated and feared the secular book, the unshackled pen and tongue of *the independent thinker*.

Dr. Siguenza does not tell what reception was given to the Jerome Bible, when it was first examined by the Papal authorities. The Spanish monk leaves untold the story of the Vulgate's rejection, the horror and amazement it excited in Rome, and *the ominous threats to punish Jerome*.

According to the Popes themselves, there were *thousands* of verbal inaccuries, in the Vulgate: but, it gradually appeared that Jerome's changes, were distinctly favorable to the Papacy: therefore, the Vulgate, *after a thousand years*, became the official Bible, and Jerome became a "Saint."

The Roman Church burnt Joan of Arc as a witch, and now worships her as a Saint: Jerome narrowly missed winning his beatification the same way.

Yes: for one thousand years, the Jerome Bible remained outside the fold of Roman orthodoxy; and it was not until the 16th century that it became the approved version. In fact, the year before its formal adoption, the Pope, as formally, had condemned it.

As an evidence of the state of the Roman Catholic mind, at the time Jerome lived, (4th century) and at the time Doctor Siguenza wrote the Life, (16th century,) I will copy Jerome's account of an adventure which befell him during his travels in the East—an adventure which brings into characteristic action the monks, the donkeys, and the lions of that very *early* era of Christianity:

"It is related in detail that on one day when, as was usual to St. Jerome, he was conversing with his monks on the sacred Scriptures and reading to them his daily lesson, there entered the monastery (which, in truth, could not have many closed doors) a ferocious lion, limping on three feet, holding up the fourth paw as though in pain and unable to set it on the ground. The monks, full of terror at the sight of the wild beast, fled in all directions, where each judged best to be out of danger. Our holy Father, however, approached, without manifesting fear, the formidable lion, which lifted up its foot higher to have it inspected. The saint took up the proffered paw between his hands, and, on carefully examining it, found that a long splinter had pierced it through. He gently drew it out, and applied to the wound what he judged would relieve the pain. The royal beast manifested its gratefulness for the good deed done by becoming quite tame and meek, and showing pleasure in remaining in the company of the religious. When the monks witnessed this, they lost all fear of the lion, and approached trustfully to him, while the lion on its part rubbed his head against them, quite pleased and happy at being among them."

Here the author describes the saint as consulting with his monks how best to employ their new guest, so that he should not be idle, and proceed to relate that it was decided in chapter to impose the task on the lion of keeping guard over the donkey which was employed there to bring daily from the forests the load of wood needed for the service of the monastery. The lion used to lead the donkey to the fields and woods in the morning, and conduct it back in the evening, and, as

the task was not a severe one, the lion easily fulfilled it.

"One day, while waiting for the donkey to return, the lion overslept himself, and, while he slept, some traders passed that way from Syria to Egypt with their caravan of oil and merchandise, and meeting the donkey alone, judged it had no owner, and led it away to serve as guide for the loaded camels. Later in the day the lion awoke. It was long after the caravan of men had passed on with the donkey. The lion sought for his companion everywhere, but could not find it, and, after searching furiously for the poor ass, the lion had to return to the monastery, sad and cast down, as though quite ashamed of himself. The monks, who saw him return alone without his companion, suspected that, harassed by hunger (because the ration of food given him was not large), he had eaten up the little donkey, and they treated him roughly, upbraiding him, and refusing even to give the small ration allowed him daily, telling him to go back and finish what he had left of the donkey. St. Jerome, however, took pity on the lion in his disgrace, and bade the monks give him his food, and not ill-treat him, and, as a penance for his wrong-doing, to take the lion to the forest every day, and make him bring the load of wood which his companion the ass should have brought. This was done, and daily, with great meekness and patience, did the lion bear his humiliation, for it was in truth a great come-down for a lion to be used as a donkey.

According to this author, "God assisted him, and gave him the instinct one day to sally forth to the fields, after he had performed his allotted task. Good luck brought back the ass and the camels, for the traders were returning by that way with their caravan. The lion, on perceiving this, bounded with joy, and, coming towards the caravan unperceived, uttering a terrific roar, which resounded far and near, infused such fright and terror into the men that they fled to hide themselves, leaving the loaded camels and the ass in the fields. The lion then joyfully led the donkey and the camels with their loads to the monastery.

"The monks greatly marvelled at this return, and discovered how the donkey had been stolen, and that the lion was innocent of the charge imputed to him of having destroyed the poor ass. Shortly after this the traders themselves appeared at the monastery. They asked pardon for the theft of the ass, and offered in reparation a part of the oil they were bringing. The saint forgave them, and they departed on their way."

The Woman of Babylon.

Joseph Hocking.

CHAPTER XI.

Father and Daughter.

"Oh, isn't it lovely, dad?" cried Joyce, as the train swept through Kent. "It is so different from Belgium. There everything is as flat as a table. These hills and dales are perfectly enchanting."

"Yes, there's no place like England after all, is there? No wonder Browning sighed for England in the springtime even although he was in Italy."

"And look at the blossoms on the fruit trees. I'm so glad to come back in the springtime. I didn't notice it when I went away a year ago."

"No, spring was late last year. Besides, Easter is late this year, that is why you have not got home until the middle of April."

"Oh, but I am glad to be with you, dad," and again she kissed him affectionately.

Walter Raymond felt a thrill of joy in his heart in spite of everything. After all, Joyce was still his own child. She had not learnt the lessons which the other children had learnt. She was gay and trustful; her mind had not been poisoned against him. He suspected that the seeds sown in the Catholic school in Bruges had not taken deep root. Her mind might have been influenced by the teaching there, but her nature was still open and free from guile. There was a refreshing frankness and simplicity in her demeanor which warmed his heart.

"And did you like the school, Joyce?"

"Oh, yes; that is, for most things.

"What did you not like?"

"Well, there was an air of distrust in the school which I did not like. I got into trouble once for refusing to spy upon another girl. I was awfully scolded, but I'm still glad I refused. It seemed so mean. But that is the feeling throughout the whole school. You never seemed to be put upon your honor, and all the time you had a feeling that someone was watching you and suspecting you of doing something wrong."

"Ah, you found that there, did you?"

"Yes, at first especially. I think they found out their mistake in treating me in that way after a time. You see, although I was awfully backward when I went, I was almost the oldest girl, and I naturally resented being distrusted. As you know, dad, you never once suspected me of deceiving you, and of course I should never think of doing such a thing. When they got to know me

better they seemed to trust me more, and they did not set me to watch others. But lots of the girls there are regular spies."

"Thank God they've not spoilt her," thought Walter Raymond, and he determined that she should be sent to a good healthy English school after the Easter vacation was over.

When the train stopped at Herne Hill Father Brandon stepped into the carriage.

"Ah, there you are, like a pair of lovers," he cried, with seeming gaiety. "Does not your daughter look well, Mr. Raymond? Was I not right when I told you of the good effect a Continental school would have upon your daughter?"

"She looks very well," replied Walter, "very well, indeed."

"And she has improved intellectually too. Don't you see that? I daresay you've been catechising her."

"No, I catechised her very little; but naturally she has told me a great deal."

The priest looked uncomfortable, but he went on quite glibly: "Sister Theresa has given me a glowing account of her. She has simply done wonders from an educational standpoint, while her behaviour has been all that can be desired."

"That is no surprise to me," replied Walter. "You see, she has had a good healthy upbringing. I never knew Joyce do a mean thing in her life. She was sometimes a bit headstrong and mischievous, but she never did anything of which I was ashamed. I always trusted her completely, and she never betrayed my trust. Now that she's quite a young woman I am sure she'll not be untrue to her early training."

"Ah, that's the ideal English way of looking at things. Sometimes it works and sometimes it does not. But you must admit that the Continental schools give style and smartness."

The train had now left Herne Hill and swept on towards Victoria, but Father Brandon remained in the carriage with them. He seemed to be anxious to get a word alone with Joyce.

"Was your baggage examined on the boat, Joyce?" asked Walter Raymond, as the train crossed Grosvenor Bridge.

"All except my big box, dad."

"Ah, if you will give me the key, I'll attend to it in the Customs House."

"The sister has it," replied Joyce.

"That's right," broke in Father Brandon. "You see, they did not expect you, and do desired to save the child any trouble. But if you ask Sister Theresa for the key she'll give it you, Mr. Raymond. I'm sure she'll be very glad of your help."

Directly the train stopped at Victoria Station Walter Raymond leapt on to the platform. "You stay here, Joyce," he said, "and I'll engage a cab and look after the baggage."

No sooner was he out of hearing than Father Brandon turned to Joyce.

"Did you speak to your father about your conversion, my child?" he said.

"Yes, Father Brandon."

"But were you not instructed before you left to speak to no one about it save your mother?"

"Yes, but I never thought that Father Leclerc meant dad. I never kept anything from him in my life."

"My child, you now belong to the Church, and the Church expects her children to obey her implicitly—implicitly. Do you understand?"

Joyce was silent. She felt uncomfortable under the priest's gaze.

"I wanted a few minutes' conversation with you, child, and I was much displeased that you yielded to your father's wishes instead of coming with us. Still I will say no more about that now. I wanted to warn you against your father."

"Warn me! Against dad!"

"Yes, against your father. He has caused your mother a great deal of pain; he opposed her conversion and her proper wish that your brothers and sisters should be baptised into the Church. He has also put every obstacle in the way of your mother's religious life. That is why I wished to warn you against him. Very likely he will try and turn you against the Church, even as he tried to turn your mother against it."

"But mother wrote and told me that it was by his consent and wish that I should be received into the Church."

"You must have misinterpreted your mother's letter," said the priest, after hesitating a second. "He has all along acted as the bitter enemy to the Church."

"Then have mother and the children been received into the Church without his consent?" asked the girl.

"There is no time for me to explain all these things now," said the priest. "What I wish to say to you is this: your father's heart is closed against the truth, he bitterly opposes the work of grace in your mother's heart, he is angry because the children are safe in the Church's fold, and I have no doubt he will try to poison your mind. Be on your guard against him, my child; close your ears against any of his poisonous teaching. Be with him alone as little as you can. It was my desire that you should not tell him you had become a Catholic, but since you have disobeyed you must guard yourself against entering into any conversation about it. Above all, say nothing to your brother or sisters about your conversion."

"Are they not to know?"

"No, they must not know. No one must know."

"But why?"

"I am thinking of your father's conversion, so for the present be silent. I am sure he will not say anything about it; thus I am hopeful that your disobedience will work no harm. None of the girls in the school know anything about it, do they?"

"No, Father Brandon."

"That is well. There, your father is coming, so we must cease talking. Remember what I have said, and do not let him lead you away from the truth. Guard yourself against him in every way. You must be one of our secret disciples, my child. For that reason you must not attend any of our churches during Passion week or the Easter festivals. I will arrange for you to come to me for confession, and I will attend to your instruction while you are at home."

Joyce felt like crying. All the joy of home-coming was gone.

She was to distrust her father and to treat him as a stranger. It was bewildering, and her bewilderment increased as, when her father came up, Father Brandon met him with a genial laugh.

"Give Joyce a good holiday, Mr. Raymond," he said. "She has worked very hard at school, and now she deserves three weeks of absolute pleasure. Just neglect business for once, so that she may have a good time."

"Thank you, I will do my best," said Walter Raymond quietly. "Now, Joyce, my darling, get into the cab; it is a good drive."

For the first few minutes of their ride Joyce did not speak. She felt unable. Again and again did she repress the sobs that rose in her throat. The spell of the school was strong upon her, and thus, while disobedience to Father Brandon was not to be thought of, the idea of being warned against her father had been terrible. She knew how he had given his life to make his home happy, while to her he had been more than a father. He had been an elder brother, a lover and a father combined. She had told him her troubles, her fears, and her hopes. They had discussed his fortunes and her future together. He had been her comrade and her protector throughout her life. Much as she loved her mother, her father was nearer to her. His strong hand had guided her, his brain had thought for her, and on him as a consequence her affection had been bestowed.

And she had been told to avoid him, to distrust him, to be on her guard against him! Her fresh, impulsive nature rebelled against the dictum of the priest, and yet the influence which had been at work on her sensitive young life during the last year made her afraid to do so. Walter Raymond had taught his children no dogmas; he had not sought to influence their minds in the direction of any special form of religion, and thus when she went to the convent school she was easily brought under the sway of ecclesiastical dominion. She had a feeling that if her father did not sympathise with the Catholic religion he would never have sent her there, and so when she was taught there was no other Church than the Roman Church, and that it was a sin to remain outside its fold, she yielded herself to its demands.

"Has the travelling wearied you, my little maid?"

"No, I'm all right," she said, and then in order to divert her mind to more pleasant channels she said:

"Business must be better with you, dad. I cannot get over my wonder at coming home in a first-class carriage."

"Oh, yes, it's much better. I've been very fortunate lately, so fortunate that I hope to be able to send you to a really good English school next term."

"An English school!"

"Yes, or else to a good school in Germany. I've not yet made up my mind."

"Why, don't you like the school at Bruges?"

"I don't like what you say about the distrust that exists there. But don't let's talk about your going away just yet. You are hardly home yet, and I want you to have a good time. By the way, we are going to have a special dinner tonight in honour of your home-coming, and a friend of mine is coming to dine with us."

"Who is he, dad?"

"He is a barrister by the name of Ned Harrington. A very clever fellow, and the best friend a man ever had. You must put on the nearest approach to an evening dress which you possess so as to live up to the occasion."

"And you, dad, are you going to put on evening clothes?"

"How can I do otherwise? By the way, Joyce, you must not be surprised at any change in the behaviour of your mother towards me. We don't hit it as well as we used to."

"Why?" asked the girl, her heart becoming heavy as she spoke.

"Oh, we don't see eye to eye on matters of religion. I would not have mentioned it, only I thought I would rather tell you than that you should find out for yourself, as you would be bound to do. But you and I must be the same to each other, Joyce. Your becoming a Catholic must not make us poorer comrades. We will be just as we have always been, won't we?"

The priest's words rushed into her mind, and in spite of herself she felt an estrangement between herself and her father; but as she looked into his eyes, and saw the tender affection which burned there, Father Brandon's words became as nothing.

"Always, dad," she said, as she held fast by his arm, "always"; and again Walter Raymond felt what it was to be a happy man.

Mrs. Raymond unbent a little when Joyce entered the house, while Rachel, Madaline, and young Walter shouted for joy. The home-coming of Joyce was an event which could not be passed over lightly. The reserve which had existed for months was for the time broken down, and Walter felt that home was home once more.

"Now, children," cried Walter presently, "go and dress for dinner. We must all be very fine tonight, and I expect Harrington here in less than half an hour."

"I think it very thoughtless and very unkind of you," said Mrs. Raymond when they had gone.

"What is thoughtless and unkind?"

"To invite that man here tonight. You know how I dislike him, and, besides, I think it a shame to spoil Joyce's home-coming by the presence of a stranger. But there, it is what I might have expected."

"Yes, I am rather sorry he's coming tonight," replied Walter, "but he's hardly a stranger. He's the best friend I have, and I'm sure he'll make Joyce enjoy her home-coming all the more by his presence."

"Yes, and he'll make my evening miserable; but there, you care nothing for my feelings."

"I'm afraid the lack of consideration has been somewhat mutual lately," said Walter. "You told me that since I would not fall in with your wishes we must go on our way regardless of each other. And certainly you on your part have taken full advantage of the arrangement. You have had the children baptised into the Roman communion without my consent: and more, you have actually written to Joyce telling her that it was my wish that she also should follow your example. To say the least of it, Lucy, I did not know you had sunk so low as that. Now mind," and Walter Raymond's voice became so stern that his wife felt afraid of him, "there must be no more of this. I should imagine that you are pretty well satisfied now. You have by means of deceit decoyed the children to

take part in this affair, and so far I have said but little to you about it. But I am not going to bear much more. For months you have deliberately deceived me, for months you have, under the cloak of religion, carried on secret arrangements with the priest, and I have said but little. You have also set the younger children against me, so that my home has been no longer home. But there must be no more of this. If you seek to set Joyce against me, if you seek to blight the child's life, if you drag in your miserable religious prejudices between me and her, then I tell you once and for all this separation between us, which you have insisted on, shall be made legal. I will take the children from you, and I will leave you severely alone to pursue your own line of conduct. Let there be no mistake about the matter. I have borne enough, and the limit of my patience is reached."

This was a long speech for Walter Raymond. Usually a quiet, reserved man, he felt a great deal more than he said; but the news of Joyce's conversion had angered him more than he knew. He was not a man given to making vain threats; no strong man ever is. Usually he did more than he said. And Mrs. Raymond felt this as he spoke, and a great fear came into her heart. She had not dreamed during the last few months, throughout which time she had obeyed her spiritual adviser, and not her husband, that he would ever adopt this attitude, and for the moment the priest, in spite of his ghostly authority, took a second place. She looked into her husband's eyes, and as she saw the light of a stern resolution there her heart failed.

"I need not tell you I am serious," went on Walter. "I mean every word I say, and more. So let there be no misunderstanding. If you ever deceive me again, I will do all I have said. If you seek to poison Joyce's mind against me as you have poisoned the others, I will break up the home, I will submit the case to a court of law, and allow you such a sum as my income will admit of; anyhow, this kind of thing must not continue. And more, my friends are to be received kindly. When Ned Harrington comes he must be treated as my friend, and therefore as an honored guest. That is all I wish to say now, and I hope there will be no need to return to the subject again."

On saying this Walter went out of the room, leaving his wife alone. He had spoken quietly, and apparently without passion; but there was such intensity in his tones that Mrs. Raymond cowered in her chair. She had never dreamed that such thoughts would ever come into his mind. For twenty years her will had been law. He had yielded to her slightest wish. His love for her had been unquestioning, unfaltering. For the first time, moreover, the unreasonableness of her own claims presented itself to her; she felt, too, that she had been deliberately deceiving him. Not that she repented of her behaviour. The salvation of her children and the claims of her religion had become more to her than the claims of her husband. Nevertheless, for the first time she felt what it was to fear the man who to marry her had sacrificed home and fortune.

"I suppose I must do as he bids me," she said to herself. "I dare not be uncivil to Mr. Harrington after what he has said. As for Joyce, well, I must have a good long talk with Father Brandon; he will tell me what to do."

By the time the family sat down to dinner all ruffled feelings were evidently smoothed. Joyce looked very beautiful in her well-fitting clothes, while the other children were happy in the thought of seeing their big sister at home again. Walter Raymond looked ten years younger in evening clothes, while even Mrs. Raymond had lost something of her faded appearance.

"I wish Ned would come," said Walter. "Still, we must not be angry with him. He told me he might be late, and that we must on no account wait for him. Ah, there's the bell; that is he, I expect."

"I am sorry I am late, Mrs. Raymond," said Ned as he entered the room. "I did my best to be here in time, and I made the cabby drive me like mad."

Mrs. Raymond unbent as she held out her hand to him. She could not help feeling that no man could have a worthier friend than he; moreover, he carried with him an air of intellectuality which influenced her.

When Ned Harrington spoke to Joyce a change passed over his face. Evidently he had expected to see a shy, awkward schoolgirl, and instead he found a young woman who would have graced any room he had entered. There was a sweetness and purity in her face moreover, that captivated him immediately. And more, the well-shaped head and large lustrous eyes suggested powers of thought which were not common. Ned Harrington was not a lady's man. For several years he had been wedded to his profession, a profession which gave full scope for the best powers of his intellect, and as a consequence he gave but little thought to anything else. The society of women had not attracted him. Women, he said, were, on the whole, shallow and little. As a rule there was very little behind a pretty face. A woman's outlook was small, and her way of looking at things lacked breadth of view and largeness of purpose. It is true he had been brought into contact with what had been called brainy, advanced women. But they had attracted him less than the others. It seemed to him that they had lost the glory of their womanhood in obtaining what they craved, and had made a miserable bargain in consequence. It had not been his fortune to meet a woman who was his equal in intellect, and yet one who retained all that charm of sweetness and modesty which is the glory of a woman's life.

He had not been sitting by Joyce more than a few minutes before he realised that he was in the presence of a new revelation. Here was a girl who was as fresh and sweet as a spring flower, and yet one whose mind, now largely enriched by experience and books, understood his best thoughts and interpreted them in lights which were strange to him.

Again and again he found himself looking at her in wonder, while Walter Raymond's eyes shone with pleasure as he saw the way Joyce impressed him. Never, surely, did a dinner-hour pass so quickly. Laughter was on every lip, the shadows of the past few months rolled away. Even Mrs. Raymond seemed to forget that their visitor was a deadly enemy to her religion, and thus she appeared to enjoy to the full the pleasure of his presence.

"At least for this evening we shall be happy," thought Walter, as Mrs. Raymond and the children found their way into the little drawing-room. "Tonight is like home again"; and taking a box

of cigars from a drawer he handed it to his friend, and then threw himself into an armchair.

"I think I never felt so happy in my life, Ned," he said. "For once the shadow of the priest does not seem to rest on my home"; but as if to contradict his statement the servant entered, bearing a card on which was inscribed the name of Father Brandon.

CHAPTER XII.

The Old, Old Story

"It's Brandon," said Walter to his friend. "No, don't go, let him come in here. We'll get rid of him as soon as possible."

Father Brandon came in smiling and suave. His round, clean-shaven face fairly shone with apparent health and happiness. No one could conceive of a more innocent and harmless man than Father Brandon appeared to be. When he saw Harrington, however, a change passed over his face. Evidently he was not pleased at the young barrister's presence. Nevertheless he maintained his apparent cheerfulness.

"Ah," he cried, "here are you two limbs of the law discussing deep-laid schemes. As a poor, simple-minded priest, I am almost afraid to come into your presence. May I smoke a pipe? Thank you."

He took the chair offered him, and filled his pipe, while Walter Raymond and Harrington remained quiet. For once the priest found it difficult to speak. The atmosphere of the place was not congenial to him. He heard the laughter of the children in the next room and wished himself with them.

"I wanted to talk with you about the school at Bruges, Mr. Raymond," he said. "I did not know that your friend was here. Never mind, I'll call again another time, when I may find you alone. No doubt you are wanting a quiet chat now. Let me go and join in the children's games, leaving you together."

"No," said Walter quietly, "I would rather hear what you have to say now. It is not likely I shall have another evening so much at liberty. Besides, you need not fear to say anything before my friend. You and I, at all events, have no secrets from him."

Ned Harrington studied the priest's face as Walter spoke. No doubt the man wished he had not called. Still, he was evidently determined to make the best of it.

"Well, it's this way," said the priest. "Of course, the Easter vacation is not long, and I wanted to speak to you about Joyce's future at the school. You see, she has quite distinguished herself there. As the sisters tell me, she has managed to put three years' work into one, and naturally I am anxious that her future there shall be——"

"Excuse me interrupting you," said Walter, "but it is not my purpose that she shall return there."

The priest gave a start. Evidently he was not prepared for this.

"You cannot mean that, Mr. Raymond. You will not be so unfair to your child!"

"I certainly do mean it," said Walter. "As for being unfair to my child, I think I know my duty to her without outside interference."

"But have you considered, Mr. Raymond?"

"I have considered every point very carefully."

"But think of your obligation to the school."

"What obligation?"

"Well, you see, special attention has been paid to Joyce."

"Why? What special attention?"

The priest felt he had taken a false step. Walter Raymond was different from the man he had first met at this house twelve months before, and as a consequence Father Brandon felt somewhat nervous.

"Well, you know," he said presently. "Joyce was very backward when she went. I therefore gave instructions that her education should be specially considered."

"You are one of the governors of the school then?"

"That is, I have sufficient influence to secure privileges to anyone I may name."

"I have not heard of any special advantages from which Joyce has benefited," replied Walter. "Certainly I never asked for any. On an evil day I saw the advertisement of the school, and foolishly made inquiries. However, I have myself to blame for that, and God knows I am paying the penalty. But that has nothing to do with the question. I have decided not to send Joyce back."

"May I ask what are your plans for her future education?"

"I have not quite settled yet."

"Of course, you know that, as in all good schools, a term's notice is required when taking a pupil away."

"In lieu of a term's fees," replied Walter. "Very well, I will send a chèque."

"Might I ask the reason for this remarkable decision?"

"Yes, I do not like the influence of the school."

"And yet I find your daughter vastly improved from every standpoint."

"In spite of the influence of the school, not because of it."

"Surely I am entitled to an explanation."

"Certainly. I will speak freely."

A strange flash came into Father Brandon's eyes. Evidently he had come to a sudden resolution.

"No, no, Mr. Raymond," he cried with a laugh, "not tonight. Besides, I owe you an apology. I ought not to have come here on the night of Joyce's home-coming in this way. It is very thoughtless, very wrong of me. You resent my presence, you want to be alone with your friend, and I have broken in upon your privacy. In addition to that, I am sure a discussion on the school must be very irksome to him. I will go now, and hope to have the pleasure of thrashing out the whole question with you another time."

"Very well," said Walter, rising. "I will see you to the door."

Again the priest looked confused.

"Thank you," he said, "but I just want to speak a word to Mrs. Raymond and Joyce. I shall find them in the next room, shan't I?"

"Excuse me," said Walter, "but I do not wish you to speak with Joyce."

"Mr. Raymond!"

"That is my decision."

"But surely——"

"I need enter into no explanation, Mr. Brandon. You know why I have adopted this attitude."

"But surely I might see Mrs. Raymond. As her spiritual adviser I think it is my right."

"Through you I have ceased to have any influence over my wife's actions. If you wish to speak with her I have no doubt you will find plenty of opportunities. All the same, I am perfectly willing to vacate this room, and to tell her that you wish to see her. As you may imagine, the thought is not pleasant, but I will do so."

"Certainly I will not insist if it is unpleasant to you. Am I to understand that you do not wish me to visit your house again?"

"Except when I am at home. I shall instruct the servant to that effect."

"Thank you, Mr. Raymond, but you will repent of this one day. You utterly mistake me, and some day you will find out your mistake."

Walter gave no answer, but walked quietly down the passage towards the door. Their conversation, although earnest, had been carried on in low tones, so low that those in the other room who had been laughing and talking did not know of Father Brandon's presence.

A few seconds later the priest was in the street. For some time he walked towards his own house with his eyes cast on the ground. He was thinking deeply; nevertheless, he did not seem disturbed. Indeed, he laughed quietly but grimly.

"As though he can keep me from the house," he said to himself. "I suppose he thinks himself very clever, but he does not know that every member of the household, servant as well, dare not disobey me in anything. Nevertheless, I must be careful—very careful. Yes, I am afraid I must tell Ritzoom of this new phase in the course of events, it may influence his plans."

"Well, he's gone," said Walter as he came back.

"Yes, he's gone."

"He did not get much change out of me."

"No, but he will."

"*Nous verrons*," said Walter quietly. He had been speaking French with Joyce during the evening, and lapsed naturally into that language.

"That's a dangerous man, Walter.

"He's not clever enough to be dangerous."

Ned Harrington looked around the room, and noted the change of the ornaments. Every one of them suggested the priest's presence.

"Yes, yes, I know what you suggest. I know I have let things drift, but I will do so no longer. I shall take more control. I don't think I had the worst of it tonight, did I? As I said, he's not clever enough to be dangerous."

"There's someone behind him," said Harrington.

"How do you know?"

"There always is with these Jesuits. The master-mind acts through such as Brandon. Moreover, none of them will ever confess themselves beaten."

"You know them."

"Yes, I know them. Besides, did you not notice the threat in his words?"

"What words?"

"He said you would repent one day of your action, and that you were utterly mistaken in him."

"Naturally. He wanted to appeal to the weak side of my nature."

"I do not think so. I watched his face as he spoke, I saw the look in his eyes. He seemed to utter the words of wounded innocence, but he did not mean it. Innocent as his words seemed, they meant that you were utterly mistaken in thinking he would submit so tamely, and that one day you would repent rousing his anger. As surely as ever a man's face said anything that man's face said that. I tell you, Walter, you will be like a man walking on eggs."

Walter thought a moment.

"I do not see what he can do more than he has done," he said presently. "He has alienated my wife from me, he has caused my children to distrust me—that is, all except Joyce."

"Well," said Harrington, "and she is not to be considered?"

"I do not think it is possible for anyone to poison Joyce's mind against me, Ned. We have been comrades from her childhood, we are comrades still. If you had seen us as we came home from Dover together, you might have thought us a pair of lovers newly engaged."

Ned Harrington did not speak, but he seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Let us join the others," he said presently. "That priest has spoiled my smoke."

"By all means," said Walter eagerly. "I say, Ned, it is my desire to give Joyce a really glad time. I want to take her everywhere, and to make her holidays full of pleasure. For once, thank God, I can afford it, and Joyce shall benefit by my prosperity."

"And if I can be of any service, Walter, please make use of me. I shall be much at liberty through the Easter vacation, and thus have my time at my disposal."

"That will be splendid. You may depend that I shall take advantage of your offer."

"And I say, Walter, I may not have another chance of speaking to you alone tonight, so I want to repeat my warning. Be on your guard against the priest. If ever a man's eyes meant mischief, he did."

"But, my dear fellow, we do not live in mediaeval times; he can do nothing more than he has done."

"No, we do not live in mediaeval times: all the same, you know the Roman Church is working night and day to get England into its power. There are schemes afloat of which we know nothing."

"But still, Ned, their schemes cannot encompass me: that is, their only design upon me can be to convert me to their faith. Well,

they will never do that. If I were rich, or if I had some diplomatic position, it would be different. Being only a hard-working lawyer I am not worth their trouble. However, I will bear in mind what you say. Trust me for that. A man cannot pass through such a year as I have done without being on his guard."

"And—and be careful for your eldest daughter."

"Yes," said Walter quietly. "I will—I will."

They passed into the other room, and the two men gave themselves up to the joy of the hour.

Walter Raymond became as gay as a boy, while Harrington was as full of resource as a public entertainer in finding means of amusement. He seemed to have forgotten that he was a member of a learned and dignified profession, and that only a few days before he, in cross-questioning a witness, rebuked him for his levity. Moreover, he seemed to forget his impressions concerning women, for to all appearances he found Joyce's society vastly agreeable. Indeed, when during the evening, it was suggested that he should retire into the next room with Joyce that together they might concoct a charade, he was all eagerness to fall in with the suggestion. The boy Walter, moreover, who was anxious for them to begin their acting, expressed his opinion that they were "jolly slow in thinking out something."

Altogether Ned Harrington revealed himself in a new light. He played the accompaniment on the new piano so that Joyce might sing to them, and presently, when the request came for him to sing, he found a song for Joyce to play, so that he might, as he said, "assist in the fun."

"I say, Ned," said Walter Raymond when he had finished, "had you not succeeded so well at the Bar I should say you ought to have been a public singer. You would have done well on the operatic stage."

"You see," said Harrington, "Miss Raymond played the accompaniment with so much sympathy. Let me congratulate you, Miss Raymond, on your splendid touch."

"She's not Miss Raymond, said young Walter, "she's only Joyce, that's all. Call her Joyce, Mr. Harrington."

"May I?" said Harrington, turning to Joyce.

"'Miss Raymond' does sound awfully strange," replied the girl, a bright flash mounting to her cheek; "besides, it makes me feel so old."

"Yes, Ned," said Walter, "she's only a child to me; call her Joyce. It will seem more homely."

It was very late before Harrington said it was time for him to be getting to Chelsea, and even then he showed no eagerness about going.

"Positively, I think it is the jolliest evening I ever spent in my life," said the young barrister.

"Please God, we'll have many more of them," said Walter. "Now, children, what shall we do to-morrow? I am not going to do a stroke of work, and as the weather is so fine we may as well go for an excursion somewhere."

"Kew Gardens," cried young Walter.

"Brighton," said Madaline.

"Yes, Brighton," cried the others.

"Not a bad idea," said Walter. "There will be no trips there yet, the Easter Holidays not having commenced. It will be fine to have a day by the sea. What do you say; Lucy, will you go?"

"No, thank you," replied Mrs. Raymond, and yet in her heart she wanted to go. "There are so many things to attend to at home," she added.

"Let the things go hang for once," said Walter. His heart was warm under the influence of the evening, and he welcomed the thought of a day unclouded by the influences of the past few months. "Come, and let us have a good time together."

"No," she replied. She had arranged to have an interview with Father Brandon the next day, and dared not fail in keeping her appointment. "I do not care to go. Besides, I think the children would be far better at home."

At this there was dissent from every quarter.

"All right," cried Walter; "we are sorry mother cannot come, but the rest of us will go. Let me see, we had better go to Victoria and catch the fast early train, and then we shall have the day before us."

"But suppose it should be wet?" urged Mrs. Raymond. She was not at all certain what Father Brandon would say, and tried to do her best to upset the arrangement.

"Wet or fine, we'll go," said Walter. "It will be easy to put in the time at Brighton, although it pours all day."

"May I join you?" asked Harrington. He appeared to take great interest in the project, although he said nothing.

"Of course, my dear chap," said Walter. "I am afraid you will find it slow, but if you can come, why, the day will be all the jollier."

After this it was wonderful how eagerly both he and Joyce entered into the arrangements, and how quickly the young barrister made valuable suggestions for the day's programme. He might have been a boy looking forward to his first trip to the sea-side. One would have thought, moreover, that seeing he would have to be up betimes on the following morning, he would have hurried back to his rooms, and have gone to bed immediately in order to obtain a good night's rest. For Ned Harrington was thirty years of age, and had very strong views with regard to "his machine," by which term he designated his body. He maintained that it was the absolute duty of a brain-worker to secure so many hours rest, and to make no exception to this rule whatever might happen. As a matter of fact, however, he did not hurry back to his rooms. For once, he felt that those same rooms were very lonely, and he took an unconscionably long time in covering the short distance which lay between the neighborhood of Battersea and Chelsea. He stopped for a long time at Chelsea Bridge, gazing steadily into the river, noting the strange effect which the light had upon the water; and presently, when he arrived at his rooms, instead of lighting his pipe and reading the *Law Times* before going to bed, as was his custom, he sat looking into the fire. It is true he did light his pipe, but evidently he forgot all about it, for after sitting a long time he presently awoke to the fact that the ashes in his pipe were cold. But he did not seem to mind. There was a happy look in his eyes, while often a smile played around his lips as though his mind were filled with pleasant thoughts.

Then there was another thing. When presently he went to his bedroom he looked a long time into the mirror, a thing he could not remember doing for years. What does a man—and by no means a vain man—care about studying his features in a looking-glass? Not that he had any reason to be ashamed of what he saw. A strong, earnest, if not a handsome face was mirrored there. The large gray eyes, the broad forehead, the well-formed, clean-shaven face were striking enough to attract attention in any crowd.

"I'm thirty," he mused, as he kept looking at the glass, "thirty last birthday. And I fancy I look my years. But I've not a wrinkle or a crows foot in my face; there's not a gray hair on my head," and then he sighed, but there was no sorrow in the sigh.

The next morning he was early at Victoria Station. He noted with gladness that there was every promise of a glorious spring day. The birds were singing on the trees in the squares through which he passed and a west wind was blowing.

"It's a day to rejoice in, a day to thank God for," he said in his heart. "I wonder now, I wonder—but I'm sure he won't mind."

He went to the booking-office and bought tickets for the whole party, and rejoiced that he was able to afford it, and then he went to the platform where the local train was to come in.

"I hope nothing will have made the train late," he said, as he marked the time. "Ah, there it is—capital! There's Raymond waving to me. Good!"

Really, for one of the keenest reasoners among the young men at the Bar, and one whose pleasure lay in his work, Edward Harrington was behaving in a remarkable way.

"Are you all here, Raymond? Ah, good-morning, Joyce—you told me I might, you know. Let me carry your macintosh; I really don't think you'll need it. We are going to have a glorious day. That's the weather forecast. Where are you off to, Raymond?"

"There's only just time to get the tickets."

"Oh, don't trouble. I thought you might be a bit late, so I secured them in order to save time."

"But I say, Ned——"

"Here we are. Let me see, we are six, and we shall just fill a first-class carriage. That's it, Joyce; won't you sit here, close to the window?"

Joyce said she would like to very much, and by this arrangement, although no one seemed to notice it, Harrington and Joyce were sitting side by side.

There's not much romance in a day at Brighton, I've been told. Everything is prosaic and commonplace there, but certainly to the Raymond family it seemed a city of wonders. As for Harrington, familiar as every scene must have been to him, he seemed to derive a wondrous amount of pleasure from it. By a strange coincidence, too, he very often found himself walking next to Joyce, while when they were on the pier he seemed to regard it necessary to hold her arm as she leaned over the railings. There seemed no reason for this, not the slightest. Joyce had every appearance of strength and vigour. Her face shown with the glory of health, while her eyes sparkled with delight. Certainly there seemed no reason whatever to fear that the wind would blow her away, nevertheless she did not resent Harrington holding her arm; rather, I think it was pleasant to her to realize that a strong man was by her side.

Oh, that was a happy day to Walter Raymond. The old feeling of comradship came back between him and his children. Young Walter walked with Rachel; he kept Madaline by his side; while, as if by mutual arrangement, Harrington kept by the side of Joyce. No, there is nothing romantic in spending a day at Brighton, especially for a man like Harrington, and yet, strange as it may seem, the hours passed by as minutes.

"Oh, I am hungry," said young Walter presently, a sentiment which was echoed by Rachel and Madaline.

"And you, Joyce?" said Ned Harrington. He seemed very fond of taking full advantage of the permission to call her by her Christian name.

"Ravenous," she laughed.

"It should be ready," said Harrington.

"What do you mean, Ned?" asked Walter.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I feared that we might find a difficulty in getting a nice place, so I telegraphed to the Metropole to arrange lunch for six. It saves such a lot of bother, you know."

"I say, Ned."

"Let's get there at once, for I am as hungry as a hunter myself. After all, there's no place like Brighton for giving one an appetite."

"Hasn't it been a splendid day?" said Walter Raymond when he reached his house that night.

"Simply glorious," was the testimony of everyone save Joyce, who remained for a long time awake that night, although one would have imagined that such a long day must have tired even her. Anyhow, she could not sleep. She was living the day all over again, and her heart was beating with a strange joy—a joy she could not understand.

There was another who did not sleep well that night, and that was Father Brandon. He happened to be at Clapham Junction when their train arrived, and he had noticed the look of joyous triumph in Ned Harrington's eyes as he gazed upon the happy-looking girl at his side.

"This complicates matters," said the priest to himself. "I really must let Ritzoom know at once. Such a thing would ruin everything. No, it must not take place, it must be stopped at any cost."

CHAPTER XIII.

"We Can Do in England What We Cannot Do in Spain."

Father Ritzoom sat in the study of his brother-priest, smoking. He had been silent during the burning of one long cigar, and now he had lit another. The fire burned low in the grate, for spring was in the air; nevertheless, he occasionally meddled with the embers, as though the action helped him in his thoughts. For Father Ritzoom was thinking deeply. Brandon had an hour before told him of what had taken place in connection with the Raymond family, and ever since the recital he had smoked in silence. He had made no remarks on what Brandon had told him, and neither by

look nor gesture had he expressed anger or pleasure. His face was as expressionless as that of the Sphinx, and his companion had not the slightest idea of what was passing in his mind. For that matter, Brandon knew nothing of the plans which Ritzoom had formed. On the day when he had visited Walter Raymond in his office he had told his brother-priest that he had settled upon his course of action, and that he (Brandon) must carry out his instructions implicitly. He had also been told that he must report on anything which took place, so that he might act accordingly. But concerning the plans in Ritzoom's mind no one knew anything but that gentleman himself.

Brandon felt somewhat annoyed at this. He wanted to participate in his deepest thoughts. After all, it was he who had brought the case before Ritzoom's notice; it was he who had revealed to him something of its possibilities; it was he who had converted the main part of the family to Roman faith, and he thought he had a right to know everything. Besides he was a man of ambitions. He wanted to be renowned in those fields of action where Ritzoom was so famous; he wanted to become prominent in the eyes of his superiors, and thus be promoted to perform more important duties than those which fell to the lot of the ordinary priest. He believed he had gifts in this direction, and had been sorry more than once that he had communicated with the renowned Jesuit.

Still, he sat quietly, without speaking. Although he longed to make suggestions, he was afraid to do so. The strong, silent man by his side forbade him. He had been trained to obey his superiors without question, and the spell of those days of his novitiate, during which for years he had learnt only one lesson—that of obedience—was still strong upon him. Besides, although his vanity urged that he was equal to Ritzoom as a thinker, he knew he was not. Sometimes he gazed for minutes at the unspeakable face and mysterious eyes of the man, who, it was said, held even the General of the Order of Jesuits in awe.

"I cannot imagine what he's thinking so long about," thought Brandon. "After all, the case is not so difficult. And yet I expect he is thinking of contingencies which have never occurred to me."

"You know nothing of this Harrington?" said Ritzoom at length.

"Next to nothing."

"His brother was a novice at St. Silvester."

"I know."

"And Cecil Harrington tried very hard to convert him."

"Ah, I see. Then he would speak with some freedom?"

Ritzoom gave Brandon one of his steady, searching looks, but he said nothing.

"For my own part, I take but little notice of this new attitude of Raymond's. He is neither strong nor clever," said Brandon presently.

"What are your reasons for believing that?"

"Oh, anyone can see that he is dull, and that he sees nothing beyond the immediate present. His behaviour all the way through has told me that."

"Brandon," said Ritzoom quietly, "you have ambitions to assist

me in some of my work. You prefer what you call diplomacy to the work of a parish priest. Take a little advice from me. Whenever you come across a quiet, thoughtful man be always on the look-out for squalls. A quiet man is generally a strong one."

"Or a stupid one."

"Yes, and even your stupid ones have a great deal more brains than you credit them with; moreover, they are hard to move."

"His wife could twist him around her finger even now."

"No, my friend, you have made that impossible."

"How?"

"By making her so eager to convert him; by urging the conversion of the children. Still, I knew in time, so all is not lost."

"But I tell you it was easy to see that Harrington and Joyce were smitten with each other. Moreover, Harrington is Raymond's dearest friend, and Harrington is no friend of ours. What do you think about it?"

"I think, my friend, that if Harrington marries Joyce, all is lost."

"Why?"

"Because she would soon cease to be a Catholic. I'll tell you something, Brandon. It is not often I am afraid; but I fear Harrington."

"You think he is very clever?"

"I do not think—I am sure."

"And yet I never saw any evidence of it."

Ritzoom looked at Brandon steadily.

"No," he said quietly, "I do not suppose you ever did."

"Still," said Brandon, "a man who is in love is always a fool."

"If you were not a priest I should think you suffered from that malady," said Ritzoom. Evidently he was in a bad temper.

Brandon started like a man stung. This man seemed to take a delight in insulting him.

"Anyway, tell me what I have done wrong," he urged. "Tell me what I have done—that is, since you first came to see me—that I ought not to have done. Tell me what I have failed to do."

"Oh, nothing; you are a very good fellow, Brandon. Forgive me if I have been rude, but I am sadly upset."

"Why? The case is not hopeless, is it? There's nothing seriously wrong, is there?"

"It's not that. I am annoyed because something has seemingly happened that I had not planned for and prepared for. I quite anticipated the changed attitude of Raymond—that was bound to come; but I did not calculate that Joyce would fall in love with Harrington during a short holiday like this."

"Perhaps I am mistaken."

"But you are not."

Brandon looked at him questioningly.

"Directly I got your letter this morning, saying you wanted to see me, I naturally considered what it might mean. Then it occurred to me. I accordingly made it my business to find out where Harrington was. I found that he had gone to Raymond's house. During the afternoon I saw them walking together in Battersea Park."

"Did they see you?"

"No."

"But, of course, you saw them, and you drew your own conclusions."

"I have not the reputation of going around the world with my eyes closed, and I can still work out an arithmetic sum," said the Jesuit.

"If you could tell me your whole scheme," said Brandon nervously, "then, perhaps——"

"You could muddle it for me. No, my friend; I am now old enough to keep my ultimate plans to myself."

"I know you want old Walter Raymond's millions."

"I? I want nothing. But surely it is the will of God that this heretic's treasures should be devoted to the Church. It's still the same want, my friend—money, money. The chariot wheels drag; our progress can scarcely be seen because we lack money."

"We have done a great deal."

"Have we? I am glad you see it. It is true we have made a great deal of noise, and we have brought a great number of nuns and priests to this country from other lands; but progress?—I tell you we need money. And we must have it."

"And we shall have it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Old Raymond's?"

"Why, certainly."

"But I see many difficulties."

"But I see through the difficulties and beyond them. Brandon, we have some stiff work to do."

"Tell me what it is."

"I will tell you as you need to know, my friend."

"You wish me to act blindfolded, then?"

"My dear friend, you can use all the eyes you have."

"But you treat me as though I were an automaton."

"No man is an automaton if he is fit for anything else. Nevertheless, you are a safe man, Brandon."

"Why?"

"Because you cannot read my thoughts. If you could, I should obtain the services of someone else."

A look of anger shot from Brandon's eyes. He felt that Ritzoom was playing with him.

"Yes," went on the Jesuit urbanely, "I have now thought out everything; I am fully prepared for everything. I shall need your help, need it continuously. But I can tell you nothing. If you were fit to step into my shoes, as you think you are, Brandon, you would not need telling. You would know all that is in my mind."

"I do not claim omniscience."

"Before I go let me tell you something, my friend. When I was a young man I was employed by old Father Schneider, just as I am employing you. He was said to be the cleverest man in our Order. I did not believe it. Father Schneider was as secret and as silent as an oyster, but I discovered all his plans."

"How? He never told anyone anything."

"I thought everything out, my friend. I saw all the processes of his mind; I read his thoughts. I saw the weak places in his calculations, too. I obeyed him implicitly, implicitly—that was my duty—I and others. But everything failed, my friend. Then,

when he gave up the case as hopeless, I took it up, and did all he hoped to do and more. After that Father Schneider was no longer regarded as the cleverest man in our Order. But tell me, Brandon, do you read my mind? Have you worked out my plans?"

"No," said Brandon, almost sullenly.

"Then be content to obey me, my friend, and don't dream of doing anything on your own account; do not think of it. For be assured I shall know of it before you have taken the first step that will lead you to ruin."

"Why do you say this, Ritzoom?"

"Because during the whole evening you have been planning how you can take this out of my hands, and act on your own behalf."

"How did you know?" gasped the other.

"Things like that come to me, my friend—that is all. But sleep in peace. There is difficult work to do, work which—well, will seem strange to you, but it must be done."

"And you have considered everything—calculated everything,"

"Considered everything, yes; but calculated—that is another matter."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, my friend, that the mind of such a man as Harrington is difficult to measure. But that is not all; his heart is a still more uncertain problem. Remember first, he is an Englishman, an Englishman to his finger-tips; but more, he is a Protestant, a Protestant by conviction."

"And he is your chief difficulty?"

"Yes, my friend. I will tell you as much as that. We shall have to come into contact; we shall have to measure wits. Oh, yes; I have seen it all while you have been sitting there watching me. It will be a hard fight; I can see that fairly enough."

"And you will win?"

"Yes, I shall win, thanks to the scene of the battle being in England."

"But why should that fact help you?"

"Because we can do in Protestant England what could not be done in, say, Catholic Spain."

"But why is that?"

"Because the Englishman is a fool—that is why. Because in Catholic countries the authorities insist on strict supervision over all our affairs, while the Englishman lets us do as we please."

The two men laughed. Evidently they enjoyed the situation.

"But look here," said Brandon; "are no steps to be taken to keep Joyce and Harrington apart? You see the position is dangerous. Raymond has promised his daughter that he is going to give her a great deal of pleasure during this Easter, and Harrington is evidently keen on taking his share in the matter. As it happens, it is a slack time for lawyers, and Raymond's recent success has made him flush with money. Hang his success, I say. I wish he had remained poor."

"Yes, his success has made our work more difficult. I tried to get him into our power by offering to place certain work in his hands—work that would have made him afraid to offend us, work which would have bound him to us. But he had been embittered against us. The attitude of his wife had made him suspicious.

Her too speedy conversion spiked my guns." And Ritzoom looked steadily at his companion.

"Don't be too cast down, Brandon," went on Ritzoom. "I am simply obliged to go on another tack—that is all. But it should be a warning to you not to act again without consulting me."

"But concerning my question," suggested Brandon.

Ritzoom was silent for a few minutes, then he walked to the door and looked into the passage.

"Yes, my friend, I am coming to that, and in coming to it I shall to some extent satisfy your curiosity. Now listen, and listen carefully."

For some minutes the Jesuit talked earnestly, while Brandon's eyes dilated with astonishment. When Ritzoom had finished the other rose from his chair and walked around the room like a man greatly excited, as, indeed, he was.

"Stupendous!" he cried. "But—but——"

"But what, my friend?" interrupted Ritzoom quietly.

"Well—think of the risks."

"The essence of life is risk."

"Supposing it should miscarry?"

"It will not miscarry."

"I should never have dared," said Brandon presently.

"No, you would not. I know that. But what then?"

"Nothing. Only I——"

"You will do as you are told, my friend."

Father Ritzoom rose and left the house. He parted from his brother-priest as though nothing had happened; nevertheless, a thoughtful look was on his face as he walked towards Clapham Junction station.

"Now he thinks he knows everything," he said to himself presently. "Well, perhaps it is best he should think so. But that Scotch heretic was right. Englishmen are mostly fools—and Irishmen, too, for that matter; nevertheless, the Englishman laughs at us."

Meanwhile, Harrington and Joyce made their way towards Raymond's house. They had been out together all the afternoon, and the hours had sped as minutes. Had anyone asked Harrington if he were in love with Joyce, he would probably have said that no such thought had entered his mind; that he was naturally interested in the daughter of his best friend, and that he enjoyed her society. As for loving her, well, he was not that kind of a fellow. Besides, beautiful and clever as she was, she was only a school-girl of nineteen, while he was a man of thirty, who had shunned women. In addition to this, he had only known her a couple of days. What foolishness, then, to talk of love! Nevertheless, he found himself constantly thinking of her.

As for Joyce, she simply realised that she was enjoying her holiday immensely, while Harrington's presence added to the enjoyment. Nay, more. Life had a gladness which she never dreamed of. No cloud hung in her sky; she lived in the blissful present. Had anyone asked her what she thought of Harrington, she would have said that he was her father's dearest friend, and that she admired him more than words could say.

And yet, although they knew it not, they were learning to love

each other with a deep, abiding love. To Harrington, Joyce was the fulfilment of his life's dream, while the sound of Harrington's voice set Joyce's nerves tingling, and caused her heart to beat wildly.

It came about that for several days the young people saw a great deal of each other. Walter Raymond had maintained the authority over his family which he told his wife he should maintain, and so he devoted his spare hours to taking them into the country and to places which give pleasure and gladness to young lives. Harrington generally accompanied them, and Raymond seemed to regard it as the most natural thing in the world that his friend should be Joyce's escort.

Neither of them had spoken of the dissimilarity between the religious views of Raymond and his wife; nor had Joyce told him that she had been received into the Catholic Church. Indeed, the girl had been so happy in the free, joyous life she was leading that the thought of the religious influences which had been brought to bear upon her in Belgium never troubled her at all. If at times the memory of these things came back to her, it was quickly dispelled by the realisation of her present happiness. The fact, moreover, that while her mother refrained from accompanying them she made no open protest against their recreations kept her mind from being disturbed.

And so the days passed on. Life at Raymond's house was happier than it had been for a long time. The events which were to happen later cast no shadows before them, and Walter Raymond hoped that the misery of the last few months was past for ever.

When Joyce had been home a fortnight Walter Raymond astounded his family with the news that he had secured a place for Joyce in a Moravian school in Germany. They had just finished dinner, and Walter announced the news suddenly.

"It will be only for a year, my darling," he said to Joyce, as he saw the strange, haunted look in her eyes.

Joyce had been very quiet and subdued all that day, as she had been the evening before. But that might have been owing to the reaction which followed so many days of pleasure. Or it might have been because during the last three days Harrington had not visited the house. Be that as it may, Joyce had worn a sad and pensive look while once, when Madaline had come upon her suddenly in her own room, she had found her crying.

"I have made every inquiry about the school," went on Walter, "and I find that it is one of the best schools on the Continent. It was with difficulty that I was able to gain admission this term, as the school is very full. An unexpected vacancy had occurred, however, and so I succeeded. It is beautifully situated, the manner of life is of the healthiest nature, and the education is simply splendid."

"But, dad, I shall have to go among strangers," said Joyce, with trembling lips.

"Yes, but you will soon make friends. I find that the girls who go there come from very good families, and I am sure I can promise you a happy time. When you have been there a year we shall be able to reconsider our plans."

"But—but, dad—I—I——" She did not finish the sentence. Instead she burst out crying.

"What is the matter, darling? Less than a week ago, when I spoke about it, you told me that you liked the idea of it. Why, then, are you so upset about it now?"

At that moment the door-bell rang, and Harrington was announced.

"Ah, that's splendid," said Walter, not noticing the look of anger which shot from Mrs. Raymond's eyes nor the glad light which shone from Joyce's. "I haven't seen Ned for two or three days, and he will be able to cheer us all up. Besides, he knows Germany thoroughly, and will very likely be able to tell us about the school."

To his dismay, however, he found that Ned Harrington was far less gay than usual. He confessed that, while he knew Germany very well, he knew nothing about the school in question. Moreover, he did not seem to be enthusiastic at the thought of Joyce going away. So silent and thoughtful was he that Raymond, thinking he must have heard unpleasant news, suggested that the family should go into the next room while they had a smoke and a chat together.

"Anything the matter, Ned?" asked Raymond, when they were alone.

"Yes," replied Harrington quietly, "there is."

"Have you heard bad news?"

"No."

Raymond looked at his friend keenly. It was not like him to answer so abruptly and in such a way. However, he was not one to take offence; neither was it his nature to make indiscreet inquiries about his friend's troubles. He therefore smoked on quietly, and made no further remarks.

"Raymond," said Harrington presently, "I hope you'll not be angry with me."

"Angry, my dear fellow? Why should I be angry with you? Of course I shall not."

"Wait till you hear what I have to tell you," said Harrington.

Walter Raymond waited. He wondered much what was in his friend's mind, but said nothing. As we have said, Walter Raymond was not a talkative man.

"I want you to give me Joyce," he said presently.

"What!"

"I want you to give me Joyce," he repeated.

"What do you mean?" said Walter Raymond, astounded at his friend's words.

"Just that. I have discovered that I love her, Walter. I shall never be happy unless I have her as my wife."

"But she is only a child, Ned—just a school-girl."

"I know it all. For the last three days I have done nothing else but think about it. I do not think I meant to ask you tonight, but the thought of her going to Germany has upset me."

"But surely you have said nothing to her about it?"

"No, no. You see, for the first week of her holidays I did not think about her in that way. I simply delighted in being in her company. That was all. Then one night I happened to call when you were out, and Mrs. Raymond said that nothing would give her

greater joy than that all her three girls should be nuns. That opened my eyes."

"But this is all so strange. Do you know, or do you think that Joyce—regards you in that way? She is only a child, you know."

"I don't know; but I hope so—I pray so. Will you give her to me, Walter?" he said. "That is, if—if she cares for me?"

Walter Raymond was not an emotional man—at least, outwardly—but for a moment he was unable to control his feelings. Tears welled into his eyes, and his body shook. He conquered himself presently, however.

"Ned," he said, "she is only a child to me, and I have never once thought of such a thing. But I suppose my little girl will get married some day, and—and, Ned, I would rather you should have her than anyone in the wide world."

The two men shook hands, but neither spoke. They looked into each other's eyes without a word.

"Thank you, Walter," said Harrington presently. "If she will have me, I will give my life to make her happy."

"Yes, I'm sure you will, Ned. But not yet—not for a year or two. I cannot bear the thought of giving her even to you yet."

"Very well," said Harrington after a pause. "I suppose you are right, but—but——I say, Raymond, will you let me speak to her right away?"

"Yes," said Walter Raymond, "and may God bless you, my friend."

He went into the other room where the children were.

"Joyce," he said, "will you come into the other room a minute?"

Joyce came with a wildly beating heart, wondering what her father had to say to her. But he said nothing. Instead he left Harrington and Joyce in the room together.

(To Be Continued.)

Woman, the Inspiration of the Law.

Response by Judge H. D. D. Twiggs to the Above Toast, at the Annual Banquet of the Savannah Rifle Association Held at Thunderbolt, May 26th, 1916.

Mr. Chairman: Woman has been the inspiration of the Law, both human and divine, since the morning stars sang together in the garden of God, and Eve became the Mother of Mankind. We are told that she came from man's side, close to his heart, and we know she has never left it since. Woman has been man's inspiration in every great effort he has made and in all the great achievements he has accomplished.

The appearance of the first woman on earth, whether the wonderful story be literal or allegorical, is the most thrilling, tragic and pathetic episode in all the world's history.

Were I a poet, I would ask no greater theme or higher inspiration than this marvelous story of Eden. For a century Adam was undisputed master of the world—a century of familiar converse in Eden's consecrated groves with the omnipotent and omniscient God—I say a century because we are told that he was more than one hundred years old when he lost a rib and gained a wife, and one hundred and thirty years old when his third child was born—three children in thirty years; rather a poor record to start a world with, particularly in view of his specific instructions to "be fruitful and multiply"; but he made up afterwards for lost time for we are told that after the birth of Seth he begat sons and daughters.

To a superficial observer woman does not seem to have been included in the original plan of Creation; indeed she would seem to have been unnecessary, for if God could create one man out of the dust of the earth, he could create a million more without her assistance and keep on creating as long as the dust held out. In fact, for a hundred years, woman was not essential to Adam's welfare or comfort. He had no buttons to sew on—no socks to darn—no clothes to press, for his coat-tail never sagged, or his "britches" bag at the knees. Doubtless Eve was not created at the time Adam was because Adam was made out of very poor clay, and there was none fine enough with which to create God's greatest gift to the world, and for one hundred years, Adam, humanly speaking, was alone. Ambition and avarice, jealousy and passion, had no abiding place in Adam's peaceful bosom to dwarf and shrivel the freedom of his soul. Prohibition did not bother him, no bacchic revels disturbed his life—and he was as innocent of guilt as are the glasses upon this banquet board tonight. He was not pestered with millinery bills, or a mother-in-law—no collectors to devil the life out of him—no notes to fall due, no taxes, water rent or gas bills to pay and no grocery bill to meet at the end of the month—He could stay out all night—no shoes to slip off at the front door, and no accusing face to meet him in the morning.

Yet there was an aching void in his heart, and Adam was not happy. He is master of every fowl of the air and beast of the field, and when he rises from his leafy couch, a thousand feathered songsters fill his soul with melody divine, while every bud and blossom pours forth its grateful perfume in the balmy breath of morn. The beasts and birds are his familiar companions. In the language of the

brilliant Brann, "The forest monarch lays his massy head on Adam's knee and the spotted leopard crouches at his feet. High above the Caucasian peaks a condor poises in mid-heaven where the unrisen sun gilds his wings with burnished gold. Higher and higher the great sun mounts and bathes in royal purple Eden's virgin splendors, and God walks familiar with Adam and spreads before his wondering eyes Creation's mighty plan. The wealth, beauty and grandeur of all the world are his, and yet Adam is not happy but is filled with a longing that wealth cannot supply. As if in a dream the words are whispered in his ear. "It is not good for man to be alone."

The clay of which the first man was made begins to assert itself—he watches the panther fondling its playful cubs—the eagle guarding her imperial brood upon the beetling crag, and the paternal instinct stirs strongly within him. He hears the nightingale trilling to its loved one and he sees that every beast and bird, and every living creature is furnished with a mate, and a fierce instinctive longing for companionship takes possession of his soul —of what kind and nature he cannot comprehend—for woman was then non-existent. In his agony of mind swift messengers are sent to summon before him every fowl of the air and beast of the field. Down through the gates of the Garden they come trooping in countless thousands and pass in review before his eager gaze, but for Adam no help-meet could be found. Sick at heart he turns away—the Sunset has lost its glory—all life its sweetness, and he flies from the nightingale's passionate song as from the breath of a pestilence. He wanders long and aimlessly through Eden's fragrant groves where the fireflies glow like showers of gold, and with the despairing feeling of utter loneliness he sinks exhausted to the earth. He pillows his head upon the sleeping lion and shields himself from the falling dew with his tawny mane and sleeps, while Love's brilliant star pours her splendors full upon his face, and again the whispering words are heard through his fitful slumbers—"It is not good for man to be alone."

The animals glide away to their lairs in the deepest woods, and the song bird ceases his melody—all nature is at rest —morning approaches—the winds are hushed and Adam falls into a deep and profound sleep, while Love's emblem glows like a globe of molten gold. Then God descends upon the scene, surrounded by an angelic choir. Adam suddenly feels a sharp quick pain in his side—then comes a burst of melody divine—It is the morning stars singing together. The awakening Adam feels a moist soft perfume upon his cheek, sweeter than the jasmine bowers of Araby the blest—a hand upon his brow softer than the touch of a seraph's wing—a voice in his ears sweeter than Aeolian melody whispering gently, "awake my Lord", and Adam enraptured and amazed, looked upon the lustrous eyes, the heaving bosom and the coral lips of the Mother of Mankind.

Mr. Chairman the first glance at the subject "Woman, the Inspiration of Law" reveals the intimate relationship that exists between the Superior Courts and the Petti-Coats, to say nothing of courtship in general, and I know that most of you will bear witness to the fact that woman frequently lays down the law to us. All lawyers will understand me when I say that time and again she sees fit to revive our judgments with a "scire facias" characteristic of feminine procedure.

Seriously speaking, mark how the noblest conceptions of the human mind have ever been typified by the form of woman. Law is symbolized by a woman blindfolded and holding the scales of Justice evenly balanced. In referring to law in the abstract mark again the presence of the feminine. "Her seat is the bosom of God—her voice is the harmony of the world —all things on Earth and in Heaven unite to do her homage—the weak as feeling Her protecting care and the strong as not exempt from Her power."

Woman is not only the Inspiration of the law but she is the world's power house which controls every wire in the Universe. The human dynamo whose electric energy moves all the wheels of progress—Liberty itself is represented as a Goddess with the myrtle entwined about her brow—the Graces were women and the Muses too, and her influence in the promotion of Justice, Purity and Truth, the grand trinity of the legal God-head, has glorified the world until her beatitude becomes divine in Mary the Mother of God.

All I know of the Bible, the law of God, was taught me at my Mother's knee and Woman's untiring devotion and influence have done more to teach and distribute this wonderful Book, which is the basis and embodiment of all law, human and divine, than all other agencies combined. It is found in the Jungles of Africa—it is read while crossing burning deserts and amid Artic snows—no ship crosses the Ocean without this Book. It is found in the hut of the peasant, in the cave of the hermit, in the palace of the King and the Vatican of the Pope. It adorns the altar where bride and bride and bridegroom meet to pledge eternal love. In all the Courts of Christendom it binds the consciences and moulds the convictions of judge and jury in passing upon the rights of life, liberty and property.

Woman is not only the Inspiration of Law, but her influence runs like a golden thread through the warp and woof of all the literature of the world.

Speak of Shakespeare and the sublime images of Imogen, Rosalind and Cordelia appear upon the mental canvas. Think of Burns, and his Highland Mary stands before you amid the fragrant blossoms of the hawthorne, and the whole world clasps her to its bosom. Think of the Bible and Rachael, Ruth and Rebecca fill our souls with love and tenderness. But I suppose you begin to think I have wandered from the subject of my text—that I have followed the ladies off and got lost—well it is not the first time it has happened!

There never was a law passed for the purification, the upbuilding of society or the betterment of man that was not directly or indirectly inspired by woman. Legislators may frame and formulate such laws, but they are warmed into life and being by the hearts of Mothers, Sweethearts and Wives. Man may give them shape but it is generally woman who puts salt upon the tail of the idea, and one sane, good, pure woman can catch more ideas with less salt than any dozen members of the Georgia Legislature. It was a woman, Aspasia, who inspired the great Pericles to think and act, and it was Theodora who not only suggested the Code of Justinian but did the last work in its compilation.

Next to God we are indebted to woman for life itself and then for making life worth living.

"Disguise our bondage as we will
The law of woman rules us still."

Mr. Chairman, it has been well said that woman, after all, is a mystery—that she is the riddle of the universe. This may be true, but "if we cannot guess her, we will not give her up."

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

THERE was a priest at Appalachicola, Fla., and his name was J. A. Dusk.

There was, likewise, a layman living there, no Romanist, and no lover of fat priests.

His name was Fowler, and he married a lady who had been a Catholic, but who became a Methodist.

The Rev. Dusk made himself very attentive to the lady, when her husband was away, and endeavored to win her back to the one true church whose priests are red and fat, but who are not full of like passions as other men that are red and fat.

One day, the husband of Mrs. Fowler returned to his home after some days of absence, and missed his three children. Making inquiries, he was told that they had been put into the Romanist school. He went to the place, and took them home with him.

Dusk did the usual thing: he stirred up a Catholic gang of hoodlums, who marched upon Fowler's house, hooting and making threats. But several Protestant neighbors came to Fowler's home, armed with shot-guns, and the Catholic toughs were afraid to attack.

Afterwards, Fowler went from home on another business trip; and, when he came back, *his wife and children were gone.*

Dusk refused to tell what had become of them; and Fowler was naturally thrown into a state of distraction.

At length, he learned that his family had been taken to Mobile, a city more thoroughly papist than Rome, itself. He hastened to Mobile, sought the Sheriff, and asked his aid in locating his wife and children.

The Mobile sheriff was another Sturkie of Pasco County, Florida, where the Pope has planted one of his monasteries, gobbled up huge areas of land, and refuses to pay taxes.

When the Mobile sheriff refused his services, Fowler applied to the Governor of Alabama. The Governor got after the sheriff with a sharp stick, and the sheriff got busy, at once.

The missing wife was found *working for the red, fat, and virgin bachelors*, in one of their Infirmaries; and the foully wronged husband decided to let the bachelors keep her.

They are no doubt keeping her, yet.

Anyway, her husband saw that she had been *voluntarily* kept, and he sued for and obtained a divorce.

The children had been secreted in Romanist hell-holes; and he did not recover them.

"Father" Dusk, remaining at Appalachicola, was soon afterwards caught in bed with a woman. Of course, he meant no harm by it, because *he* had none of the passions of other men.

But people *will* talk, you know, and there was so much scandal created by this innocent behavior of Brother Dusk, that he was softly "transferred."

Sneaking into Alabama, he died at Ensley, a few months ago; and was given lots of incense, candle-light, holy-oil, Latin prayer, and organ music, at his funeral. He is not expected to get off at the station marked Purgotory, but to make a through-trip to the Peter-kept terminus.

Alas! there was another priest who ventured to exhibit his chastity in a way that made scandal. His name was Coyne: and although he was in the prime of life, rosy and rotund, he had none of the passions of other men. Therefore he presumed upon his being similar to the barrow, the ox, and the gelding, by taking risks which are

perilous. The lady in his case, was a mulatto creole, of Bayou Battery, Louisiana, the most dangerous sort of woman to mistake for Diana. Coyne meant no more harm than Dusk had meant, but *you* know how people *will* talk.

Where is Coyne now? He, too, was "transferred", just as "Father" Schadewell was, after an irate layman had nearly killed him in Bishop Keiley's palace, Savannah.

If you will write to Reuben Williams, secretary Supreme Court, and State Librarian, Tallahassee, Florida, he can give you Fowler's full story as Fowler gave it to him.

Among the colored population of 11,000,000, the Papists have inveigled 200,000. Certain of these black Catholics publish a magazine, *The Colored Harvest.* In the latest issue of this, there is a lively sketch of a Pullman porter named Loyd, who became an ecstatic Romanist.

We are told that:

A priest, in his estimation, was greater than a king. Any time he got a chance to talk to one he was happy. For years Lloyd worked as cook in the Pullman service, running on trains from New York to St. Louis. Whenever a priest happened to be traveling on his train his joy was full. He would sprinkle his sleeping berth with holy water and put his beads under the pillow and sleep the sleep of peace. No demon of the air and no wrecker along the track would disturb that particular train that particular night.

Of course, not. If the Catholics had but placed a priest, a rosary, and some holy water in those New Orleans churches, monasteries, Good Shepherd pens, and parochial schools, the flood and the tempest would not have torn them to fragments. The reason why the earthquake, in Italy, shook down those Romanist churches, killed the priests, and slew the nuns at the altar, was that they did not have as much faith as the Pullman porter.

It must be a delicious comfort to the conductor and passengers, every time they see a priest come prancing down the aisle, with one of Harrahan's free passes in his hand.

(The priests never pay fare: they ride free.)

RAIDING THE U. S. TREASURY. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Washington, D. C.
May 24, 1916.

My Dear Sir: On May 17th a so-called Flood Control Bill passed the House carrying $45,000,000 for the lower Mississippi River and $5,600,000 for the Sacramento River, or $51,600,000 in all. A strong propaganda managed by a well financed lobby having hundreds of millions at stake, operating through the Mississippi River Levee Association, has appealed to public sympathy and hypnotized state legislatures and national conventions with the cry of national responsibility for Mississippi floods, whereas these steadily increasing floods are directly attributed, by well informed people, to the dangerous lower river levee system.

Behind political levee boards, a gigantic private land reclamation scheme reaching 16,000,000 acres is discussed in the Committee report—all under the attractive slogan of "flood control." "Local interests" are required under the House bill to contribute only $15,000,000 toward reclaiming this 16,000,000 acres of flooded land which eventually is to be worth between one and two billion dolalrs, Congressional Record page 8636.

Major West of the Mississippi River Commission has testified it will cost the Government $228,000,000 to levee and revet the river banks, Congressional Record, page 8637. The Army engineers propose to harness a river which naturally overflowed 16,000,000 acres of land and was 60 or 70 miles wide and 70 feet deep in the channel at Vicksburg during flood time and confine the flood waters between levees to be built and protected by the government at an expense of over $200,000,000, in order to reclaim this 16,000,000 acres of private land. At this time of treasury deficit, with great pending emergency expenditures and increased war taxes laid upon our people, what can be offered to justify a $42,000,000 wasteful river and harbor bill and a $51,600,000 private land reclamation bill, both of which are now pending?

Very truly yours,
JAMES A. FREAR.

POPE'S DESPERADOES MANGLE FLORIDA CITIZEN.

(By Gilbert O. Nations.)

During the recent primary campaign in Florida, wherein Knights of Columbus

were wiped off the political map, that criminal brigand committed against Elmer E. Rogers a number of the most craven felonious assaults with which they have been permitted to outrage American citizenship. Mr. Rogers is a clean, courageous and high-minded American citizen residing at Sanford, Florida. During the campaign, the Knights of Columbus in the fourth Florida district put forward certain candidates for the Democratic nominations and instructed their gang to support those candidates.

Mr. Rogers opposed the papal ticket and thereby incurred the venom of the militant papists. On June 2nd, he went to Orlando to distribute patriotic literature. When on the road some three or four miles south of Sanford City, he was met and overpowered by a gang of the hoodlums composing the Knights of Columbus in Florida and was bound and gagged. The felons then tied a rope around his neck and threatened him with summary and instant death unless he would discontinue his activity in the campaign and would leave the state. He refused to do either, whereupon, they beat him into insensibility and left him mangled and bleeding and helpless.

As soon as he was physically able he resumed the distribution of literature. In spite of other dastardly assaults committed on him June 5th by traitorous Knights of Columbus, he distributed at that time two thousand copies of his campaign literature. But when friends billed a speech against the pope's candidates, infuriated Knights of Columbus, armed with clubs and guns, promptly assembled in a riotous mob and prevented the speaking.

When Rogers attempted to vote in the primary election, the Knights of Columbus threatened to beat him into a pulp if he voted. In order to prevent their murdering him, his friends spirited him away to the town of Longwood.

The Knights of Columbus overplayed their game, American citizens throughout the State of Florida were aroused by the terrible brutality of these papal subjects. Their candidates were overwhelmingly defeated. The Pope's ticket from Senator Bryan down was routed in all parts of Florida. From Kansas City, Portland, Birmingham and Florida came unmistakable premonitions of the aroused indignation of the American people against Roman Catholic freebooters and desperadoes. A wireless message has just reached this bureau that a snow storm of ballots will bury the whole papal machine a thousand feet deep next November. The storm will be general throughout the country. Knights of Columbus please take notice.

HE WILL NEVER SEE HIS DAUGHTERS, MORE!

Memphis, Tenn., June 15.—Searching for his two daughters, whom he placed in a convent here fifteen years ago, Anderson Goodman, an aged man who lives in Florence, Ala., arrived here after having worked his way down the Tennessee river on a steamboat to Cairo and thence down the Mississippi river to Memphis.

He went to the convent and asked about his girls. He was told they had left several years ago but the sisters promised to try and locate them for him. The old man explained he could not read or write and the only way in which he could hope to find them by himself was to continue tramping.

"My wife was killed in an accident," said the old man, "and I could not give my girls the care of a mother that they should have. I brought them to the convent. Lily was 12 years old and Parilec was 14. I saw them last in 1913, when I visited the convent for the only time. I am getting old and can't be here long but I cannot go to heaven and meet my wife without being able to tell her where my daughters are and that I kept up with them till the end."

WHO STARTED THE WAR?

In the Jesuit magazine printed in New York, under the name of America, there is a whine of pity for 35 Jesuits and 1,161 priests who have been killed.

"The war is sadly depleating the ranks of the priests, religious and seminarians whom **the law of universal conscription forced into the army.** It is computed that up to the end of last year, 1,165 members of the Catholic clergy had fallen in battle. Some 10,000 priests, including 300 chaplains, are **said to be** on the fighting line, and there are 12,580 ecclesiastics **assigned to the medical service.** But the post of stretcher-bearer appears to be almost as dangerous as that of the infantryman, for in one division no less than 80 of the medical corps attached thereto were killed or wounded. Of 760 Jesuits whom the Separation law drove from France, 649 returned to bear arms, and older Fathers are serving as chaplains. Thirty-five Jesuits soldiers have been slain, 60 wounded, and 17 taken prisoners. At least their officers seem to appreciate the sacrifices these churchmen are making, for 1,161 priests and seminarians have won distinctions; 71 the Legion of Honor, 74 military medals, and 952 mention in the order of the day, but **it remains to be seen**

whether the French government, after the war is over, will show its gratitude by repealing the unchristian law that compels the consecrated hands of priests to shed the blood of their fellow-Christians."

There you have a perfect illustration of the Romanist state of mind.

The Jesuits caused the war by their intolerable treatment of Servia, and their refusal to allow the quarrel to be arbitrated by the Haag Peace Tribunal.

Four million Germans have been sacrificed to Jesuit ambition, besides millions of Armenian Christians, Servian Christians, Russian Christians Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, and Austrians.

In France, immense regions have been desolated, women outraged and killed, and children starved or shot. Not less than two million French soldiers have been killed, or wounded, or made prisoners.

All of this hideous carnage is the direct result of Jesuit intrigue, playing upon dynastic ambition.

But because 1200 priests have had to fight and die for the land of their birth, this Jesuit editor in New York, declares that France should be so *grateful*, that she should again feed *ten million dollars* of State money to the priests, every year, and should allow them to re-establish their clerical brothels!

Frenchmen *grateful* to Rome? If there is any human being who has just cause for hating Rome with a burning intensity, *it is the Frenchman.*

Every war-riven city, every blood-drenched plain, every trench where French dead are buried, arraigns the Pope's diabolical secret society which provoked the war, in the belief that it would restore *a kingdom to the Pope.*

Says the *Christian Advocate*, of New York, under the headline:

OUR AMERICAN MAYOR.

Courage of the sort which has animated Mayor Mitchel of this city in his recent action and utterances in relation to the "Charities Inquiry" is rare among American public men.

The city's method of providing for a large proportion of its poor and unfortunate is by paying for their care in private institutions, many of them under the control of religious organizations, and the larger number conducted by the Roman Catholic Church. Questions having arisen as to this expenditure of the tax money, Governor Whitman appointed an able lawyer of this city, Mr. Charles H. Strong, a man of unusual fairness of mind and of incorruptible integrity, to take testimony as to the manner in which the institutions receiving the city's money were performing their services. The commissioner soon had the town about his ears. Evidence of scandalous conditions was brought before him, and published in the newspapers. Catholic homes were among those involved. That was enough to precipitate a storm of priestly abuse upon the commissioner. Anonymous pamphlets began to circulate. The Holy Name Societies were stirred up to petition the Governor to call off the inquiry. Open threats were made that the Catholics would remember at the polls what was taking place in the commissioner's room.

At this stage the Mayor authorized the police to "tap the telephone wires" in order to "listen in" at conversations with certain officials of the Catholic charities, who were suspected of conspiring to obstruct the work of the Governor's Commission. As soon as this was known the Catholic forces turned their streams of liquid fire upon the Mayor, who is of that communion. His action was bitterly denounced, and the Governor has even been asked to depose him from his office!

This incident has lessons from which all Churches and all Americans may profit. It is a warning, first of all, of the danger of interlacing the interests of Church and State. Protestants need this caution as well as Catholics for the offer of public money in return for public service is very tempting, either at home or abroad, in hospital, orphanage or school. Its acceptance, however innocent it may seem at the beginning, is fraught with danger all along the way, and in the end may lead to scandal.

The second lesson is for magistrates. This is a city in which it has not been the custom for public officials—not even for Protestants—to speak in a way which might give offense to that political unit which has been termed "the Catholic Vote." Yet here is Mayor Mitchel saying openly that "for the last two years and a half there has been **a well-organized and purposeful conspiracy**, conducted by a certain number of co-religionists of my own, acting with other persons, **to interfere with the proper and orderly conduct or control of the private charitable institutions of the city.**"

To us this independence on the part of a Catholic layman in political life is cheering evidence that the liberal spirit of America is having its legitimate effect upon thoughtful Catholics in bringing them to repudiate the most destructive principle that could be tolerated in a republic—"The Church above the State."

WHY DO PRIESTS PRACTISE WITH RIFLES?

The following explains itself:

In order to prepare for national defense and improve the health and morals of boys in Roman Catholic parishes of the Chicago archdiocese a number of priests have organized a gun club.

The organization was formed a month ago, and recruits are still coming in, according to the Rev. J K. Fielding of Corpus Christi church, who is also president of the Gaelic Park Athletic club. Thirty priests have already joined.

The officers of the club are the Rev. J. C. Gillan, All Saints, president; the Rev. E. F. Ree, Nativity, vice president; the Rev. E. L. Dondanville, St. John's, secretary; the Rev. J. J. Flaherty, Nativity, treasurer; the Rev. William O'Shea of Cathedral college, field captain, and the Rev. Frank Murphy of St. Agnes' church, Chicago Heights, master of games.

"The use of the grounds of the athletic club at Forty-seventh strett and South California avenue, has been given to the priests for their use," said Father Fielding. "There is opportunity for target practice and we are expecting the club to grow in popularity.

"Cadet corps are being formed in many of the parishes and the training the priests will receive at the club will help them in dealing with the boys."

In the Washington *Post*, there recently appeared the following:

"SEES NEED OF NEW POSTAL LAW."

"I think we should have a law in this country fashioned after that of Canada, which prohibits from the mails any sort of printed matter that tries to arouse popular feeling by seeking to array one class of our citizens against another through appeals to religious prejudice," said Judge H. D. Maury, of New Orleans, at the Shoreham.

"Very recently the Canadian government issued an order that forbids the circulation in Canada of a certain sheet whose sole object is to attack Catholics. In my opinion the postal authorities of our sister country did well to prevent the transportation through the mails of this abominable publication. I am very sorry to see that it continues to circulate freely in the United States. There is no excuse in a country like ours where all men are free to worship God in their own fashion, for the dissemination of literature that appeals only to the darker side of human nature by making enemies of men who would otherwise be good friends. I regret to say that a most unreasoning prejudice is entering the souls of thousands of Americvans right now because of these despicable periodicals.

"Just the other day a certain United States senator was beaten for re-election in a southern state for causing the appointment of a postmaster who belonged to a church that was the object of venomous attack. The passage by Congress of a law to put an end to the circulation of vicious literature of this kind would be welcomed by all fair minded men."

Judge Maury hails from New Orleans, where the Catholic school-children were not allowed to join others at the depot, when the Liberty Bell passed through.

The Judge probably knows how Archbishop Blenk and his clerical pals broke the will of John McDonough, by grabbing his money and violating the conditions laid down in the will.

The Judge is averse to any exposure of Rome's criminal methods, Rome's kidnapping of Protestant children, Rome's slave-system fed by Juvenile Courts, and *Rome's systematic use of the mails TO CHEAT AND SWINDLE the dupes who buy her "Holy" medals, cords, beads, statuettes, images, and pewter "charms."*

Senator Nat Bryan is the derelict to whom Judge Maury extends sympathy. Bryan was not defeated because of his appointing a 4th Degree Footkisser to be Postmaster at Jacksonville—not on that account solely—but because he abused the Guardians of Liberty in his speeches, praised the 4th Degree Footkissers, and defended the infamous Sturkie Resolution written by a priest of the St. Leo Monastery in Pasco County.

The priest-written Resolution sought to bar from the ballot-box all anti-popish organizations, thus surrender-

ing Florida to the Pope's 4th Degree Footkissers.

Whenever Judge Maury and the like of him close the mails to anti-Romanist literature, *the day* on which the Constitution shall have been trodden under foot to save Rome's rotten system, will be *the day before* an outraged people rise in revolt against this tyrannical, bloodthirsty, and immoral church.

If the Gallivan bill and its partner, the Seigel bill, had been in force at the time of the Diet of Worms, the Emperor Charles V. could have easily snuffed out Luther's candle. All that he needed was, an imperial assumption of power similar to that which Judge Maury thinks the United States Postmaster General should enjoy. The Emperor should have had the authority to issue a decree forbidding Luther to publish anything against Popes, priests, nunneries, and the sale of pardons for all sins—past, present, and to come.

Had the Emperor done this, and had the German princes "stood for it," there would have been no Reformation: no translated Bible for commoners to read: no cessation of Rome's murders of heretics: no revolution against feudal despotisms: no emancipation of feudal slaves: no Revival of Literature: no liberation of mankind from monkish ignorance, superstition, impositions, and depravity.

How long will it be in coming—this suppression of free speech and free press? How soon will the Corsairs and the Buccaneers of Specially Privileged Capital unite with the Roman priests, to enforce *silence*, obedience, and commercial feudalism?

There only two churches that fear exposures, the Mormon and the Roman: no others howl against *legitimate statements of fact.* But because the facts are destructive to Romanism, *the facts must not be published.*

If the facts *are published.* Rome instigates criminal prosecutions. These being troublesome and uncertain, Rome prefers to use the quicker method of closing the mails to whomsoever dares to tell the truth, *if* the truth is injurious to her system of greed, slave-labor, convent debauchery, corruption of women, thieving from public funds, and mobbing and murdering Protestant lecturers.

The mails cannot be closed to the truth. Priests can rave and rant, but they can't close the mails, and get away from exposure. The people already know too much to allow that done, and too many footkissers have recently been beaten at the polls. Other public men will take warning.

When any church has to resort to criminal prosecutions, riots, and assassinations to maintain its power, that power is already doomed. And when the church which does this is a foreign organization, with a foreign head, a foreign law, and a foreign government, to which every American priest is a sworn officer, that foreign church is foolhardy, as well as criminal.

The Roman Catholic Bible formerly contained notes which later editions omit. The Douay translation of 1818 contained the same notes which had been in use ever since 1582, when Cardinal Allen and Dr. Bristow wrote them. They, of course had to secure the approval of the Papal authorities at Rome before they could be published.

The following are a few of those notes, *used by Popes and priests and seminaries*, for 236 years:

Note on Duet. XVII. 8.

"Here we see what authority God was pleased to give to the Church Guides of the Old Testament in deciding, without appeal, all controversies relating to the law, promising that they should not err therein; **and punishing with death such as proudly refused to obey their decisions; and surely He has not done less for the Church Guides of the New Testament?"**

Note on Matthew XIII. 29.

"The good must tolerate the evil, when it is so strong that it carnot be redressed without danger and disturbance of the whole Church; and commit the matter to God's judgment in the latter day. Otherwise where ill men (be they heretics or other malefactors) may be punished or suppressed without disturbance and hazard of the good, **they may and ought by pub-**

lic authority, either spiritual or temporal, to be chastised or executed."

Note on Luke X. 55.

"Not justice, nor all rigorous punishment of sinners, is here forbidden, nor Elias's fact reprehended, nor the Church or Christian princes blamed for putting Heretics to death.

There are many more notes which teach similar doctrine, some even more bloodthirsty than the above, but space will not here permit their reproduction. The spirit of Rome, however, is so clearly expressed in the note on Rev. XVII. 6: ("The woman drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus") that it must not be omitted:—

"The Protestants foolishly expound it of Rome, for that they put heretics to death, and allow of their punishment in other countries; **but their blood is not called the blood of saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers, and other malefactors; for the shedding of which, by order of justice, no Commonwealth shall answer."**

The eight Mexicans whom the priests burnt at Texacapa, in 1895, were murdered in strict compliance with the notes to the Douay Bible. The fact that one of the victims was a little girl, made no difference.

By diligence, one may learn much. For instance, I find in The Sacred Heart magazine the following blessed piece of information:

To practice this devotion: First, we can every morning and evening, on rising and retiring, say three Hail Marys prostrate, or at least kneeling; and add to each Ave this short prayer: "O Mary, by thy pure and immaculate conception, make my body pure and my soul holy." We should then, as Saint Stanislaus always did, ask Mary's blessing as our Mother, place ourselves under the mantle of her protection; beseeching her to guard us during the coming day or night from sin. For this purpose it is very advisable to have a beautiful picture or image of the Blessed Virgin. Second, we can say the **Angelus,** with the usual three Hail Marys, in the morning, at mid-day and in the evening. Pope John XII was the first to grant an **indulgence for this devotion; it was on the following occasion, as Father Crasset relates it: A criminal was condemned to be burned alive on the vigil of the Annunciation of the Mother of God; he saluted her with a Hail Mary and in the midst of the flames he, and even his clothes, remained uninjured. Benedict XIII afterwards granted a hundred days' indulgence to all who recite it, and a plenary indulgence once a month to those who during that time have recited it daily as above, on condition of going to confession and receiving the Holy Communion, and praying for the usual intentions. Father Crasset says that Clement X granted other indulgences to those who, at the end of each Hail Mary, add, "Thanks be to God and to Mary." Formerly, at the sound of the bell, all knelt down to say the Angelus; but in the present day there are some who are ashamed to do so; Saint Charles Borromeo was not ashamed to get out of his carriage, or off his horse, to say it in the street, and even sometimes in the mud. It is related that there was a slothful religious who neglected to kneel at the sound of the Angelus bell; he saw the belfry bow down three times, and a voice said, "Behold, wilt thou not do what even inanimate creatures do?"**

DeCormenin tells us, (on page 53, "History of the Popes," Vol. II)—that Pope John XXII. proclaimed heretical opinions, and was forced by King Philip of France to publicly revoke them. Also, that he had covered Germany with wars and disasters. Also that he had caused his papal Inquisition to burn more than ten thousand Christians who were not papists; and that he had extorted 50,000,000 florins from Europe by selling pardons for sins, ecclesiastical offices, dispensations from canonical hindrances to marriage, and other papal merchandise.

His source of richest revenue was his tariff-duties on crime.

A priest paid 67 francs (about $1.34 in our money) if he had been caught fornicating with a nun, his cousin, his neice, or other woman.

Pardon for priestly bestiality cost 219 francs.

A priest who had seduced a lay virgin paid two francs, or about 40 cents in our money. For the sum of 76 francs, priests obtained license "to live in concubinage with their relatives."

To secure forgiveness for the murder of a layman, the priest paid 15 francs.

This horrible tariff-tax on crimes and pardons, covers every conceivable iniquity.

One clause reads—"*A nun* who shall have abandoned herself *to several men*, in her monastery, and who shall wish to obtain the dignity of *abbess* ("Mother Superior") shall pay 131 francs, 15 sous"—about $26.35.

Since God made the world, has any other *Church* legalized crimes and enriched itself on the sale of pardons?

No wonder the Pope and his frantic American footkissers are moving heaven and earth to suppress *the truth!*

"SOME LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY."

Under the above title the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., published a comical whitewash of Popery, some years ago. He created a halo for Pope Alexander VI., defended the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, denied the cruel treatment of Galileo, vindicated the slave-catching Columbus, acquitted Cyril of the murder of Hypatia, etc.

Bruno Burnt in Effigy, Only.

Among other things he proved, to his intense satisfaction, that Bruno was burnt in effigy.

His arguments and his facts were as strong on this subject, as upon the others.

But after his book had gone through three additions, and a fourth was published, he sneaked an Appendix in the back of the volume, where very few would ever see it—an appendix which proved that his essay on Bruno, *uncorrected in the body of the book*, was totally false!

Read what the Reverend historian says for himself:

APPENDIX.

When our essay on Bruno and Campanella was written (1889), **the only argument** which could be adduced for a belief in the apostate's execution, was found in the letter of Schopp to Rittershausen; and so many and so convincing were the reasons alleged for the non-authenticity of this document, that **we felt compelled to believe that the unfortunate friar was burnt merely in effigy.**

Two years afterward, however, a document was unearthed, which renders it indubitable that **Bruno perished at the stake.** Among the many institutions of mercy which have been the glory of the Eternal City for centuries, one of the most famous is that of the Confraternity of San Giovanni Decollato, the members of which devote themselves to the preparation of the capitally condemned for **a happy death.** For centuries this society kept an exact record of all its unfortunate clients. Now, in the "Journal" of the Provisor of the Community, which contains an account of the executions attended by the brethren from May 14, 1598, to September 1, 1602, the investigators appointed by the Crispi administration found, after the fifteenth line of page 87, the following narrative: "On Thursday, February 16, 1600, at two hours of the night, it was intimated to our Company that the morning justice was to be visited upon an impenitent friar. Therefore, at six hours of the night the Chaplain and the Consolers, having assembled in Sant' Orsola, and having gone to the prison of Torre del Nona, and entered our chapel, and having made the accustomed prayers, the condemned apostate friar, **Giordano Bruni** (sic), a native of Nola in Naples, **an impenitent heretic**, was introduced. He having been exhorted by our brethren with all charity, we having also called to the work two Dominican priests, two from the Gesu, two Oratorians, and a Hieronymite. With every mark of affection and with much erudition, these priests showed the miserable man his many errors, but **he remained fixed in his accused obstinacy**, confusing his intellect with a thousand perversities. His determination proving invincible, he was led by the Officers of Justice to the Campo di Fiori, and there **having been stripped and bound to a stake, he was burned alive**, our Company constantly chanting the Litanies, and the Comforters exhorting him to the very last moment **to abandon his obstinacy.** But he finished his miserable life in it."

ROME'S ARCHBISHOPS, IN SECRET SESSION, ENDORSE A MURDEROUS SECRET SOCIETY OF CATHOLIC IRISHMEN.

The following item of news appeared some months ago:

The Archbishops of the United States Hold Secret Session in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 11.—The annual conference of the archbishops of the United States was held in the residence of Archbishop Ryan, of this city. Cardinal Gibbons presided and there were present nearly all the prelates that have attained the dignity of the Archbishopacy.

The conference was conducted with the utmost secrecy, and at its conclusion the

prelates were not disposed to talk. It had been understood that several questions of much importance to the church of America were to be discussed. Archbishop Ryan, however, stated that the conference had considered only matters of discipline, but added that they had decided to recognize the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

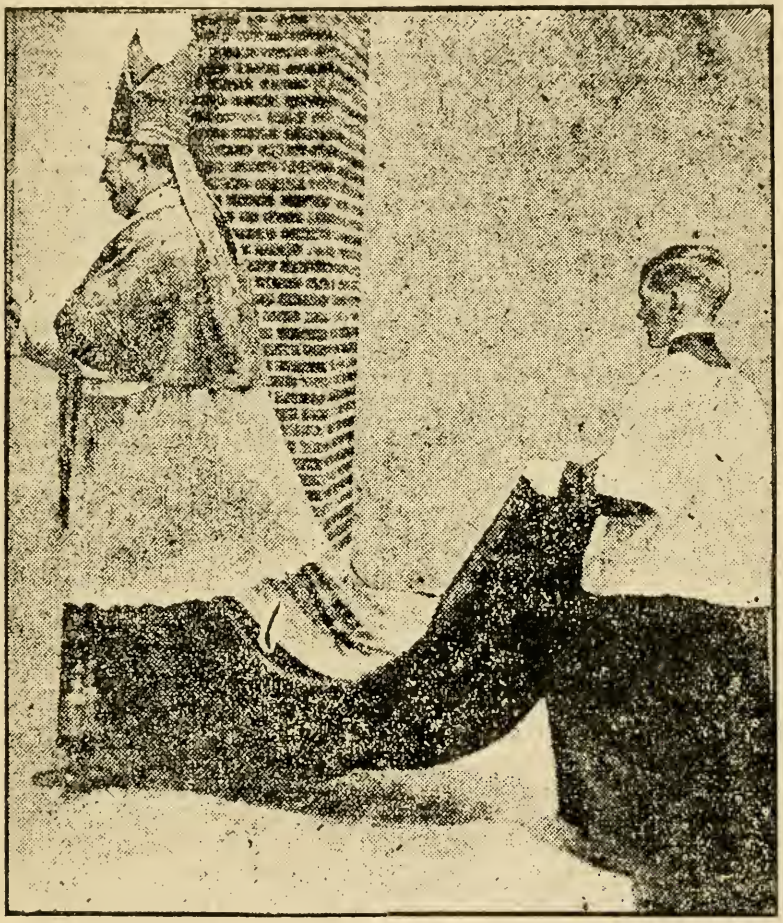
No church, excepting that of Rome, has to have a number of Secret Societies, that are as mysterious to Catholic laymen—not members of the same—as they are to Protestants.

There isn't a Catholic layman on earth who can learn the laws, the purposes, and the methods of the Jesuits.

Even a Catholic bigot, like Philip II. of Spain, was never let into the Jesuit secrets, although he burnt many a Spanish Catholic whom the Jesuits had condemned.

The same is true of the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Recolettos, the Augustinians, the Benedictines, etc.

None of these secret societies ever know the hidden doings of the other, and all of them are impenetrable to the Catholic layman who has not joined.



CARDINAL O'CONNELL AND HIS TAIL-TOTER.

None of these secret societies ever know the hidden doings of the other, and all of them are impenetrable to the Catholic layman who has not joined.

Why does any Christian church need these reptilian secret societies?

What work is it, that A CHURCH MUST DO IN THE DARK?

What sort of deeds *dread the light?*

What *Christian* work is it that you, a Christian, will not gladly do *in public?*

The criminal seeks concealment; the innocent never does.

Isn't that your experience?

Beware of a foreign church that brings its MASKED CONSPIRATORS into our Republic.

Why did those Catholic Archbishops meet secretly in Philadelphia? What was it they kept concealed? Does any other church fear to tell the object of the conference?

They admitted that they, the Archbishops, agreed to recognize *THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.*

They spoke of this Irish-Catholic Secret Society as "a most admirable one."

From the standpoint of a Papist, who believes that crimes are commendable when perpetrated to extirpate Protestantism, and advance Popery, the Archbishops are right.

Would you like to know what was *proved* on this secret society some years ago, when it had been running amuck in crime?

The Pinkerton Agency caused a man named MacParlan to join the *Molly Maguires*, in the Coal fields, in order that their secrets might be discovered.

MacParlan (who assumed the name of McKenna) swore that when he was initiated, the presiding officer first stated that the object of *The Ancient Order of Hibernians* was to promote friendship, unity, Christian charity, etc.—just as the 4th Degree Knights of Columbus say about *themselves.*

The presiding officer continued:

Unity, in uniting for mutual support in sickness and distress; friendship, in assisting each other to the best of our ability; true Christian Charity, by doing to each other **and all the world** as we would wish they should do unto us. It is the desire to promote friendship among the Irish Catholics, and especially to assist one another in all trials. **You are expected to keep all matters occurring within the Division-room a secret in your heart. None of the workings of the society are to be recalled to those not known to be members.'**

"Here there was a short pause, and the initiate was asked if he subscribed to all these things, to which he made audible answer in the affirmative.

" 'I will then proceed to administer the solemn and binding obligation with which all present have already pledged themselves. You will repeat these words after me:'

"McKenna, still upon his knees, and guarded by Monaghan, repeated the oath, or obligation, as Lawler read it from the paper, as near as may be, as follows:

" 'I, James McKenna, having heard the objects of the Order fully explained, **do solemnly swear that I will, with the help of God, keep inviolably secret all the acts and things done by this Order,** and obey the constitution and by-laws in every respect. Should I hear a member illy spoken of, I will espouse his cause, and convey the information to him as soon as possible for me so to do. I will obey my superior officers in everything lawful, and not otherwise. All this I do solemnly swear!'"

"Then McKenna was told to cross himself once more, the surrounding brothers doing the same, and the test-paper, as it was called, was handed to him by Lawler, and, still in a kneeling posture, he reverently kissed it, and was prompted by Monaghan to rise.

"This concluded the brief initiatory ceremony. Afterward, the new-made member walked to the treasurer's table, which was the bureau, and there paid three dollars, the sum assessed as the initiatory fee."

Many additional murders and outrages were committed by the Molly Maguires during McParlan's residence amongst them, for which some of the guilty parties were subsequently tried and executed. He would have prolonged his stay amongst the vile crew, but was prevented by the action of a Roman Catholic priest named O'Connor, who told the Mollies that a detective was working in their midst. This information produced intense excitement, and at once a fear of punishment fell upon the crew. Suspicion at length rested on McParlan, alias McKenna, as a spy, and he was told by one of the Mollies to go to Father O'Connor who would tell him why he was suspected. Accordingly he visited the priest, who said to him:

"I have heard about you, young man, and the language used need not be repeated. I assure you, however, that I never used your name in connection with that of a detective. I confess I heard that you were a detective. You can go to Father Ryan, of Mahanoy City, and Father O'Reilly, of Shenandoah, as they know more about it than I do."

McParlan did not go and see the priests named; he realised that his work as a detective of the Molly Maguires was done, and that if he remained any longer amongst them he would certainly be murdered; so he returned to Philadelphia, and placed himself once more at the disposal of Mr. Allan Pinkerton. Mr. Dewees, who says everything he possibly can in favor of the Church of Rome, in connection with the Molly Maguires, distinctly affirms:

"It is sufficient to know that his (McParlan's) business was discovered, and that the discovery was imparted to several Catholic priests. Through the priests, Jack Kehoe, the County Delegate, and others of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, were put on their guard against him as a detective. That notice of the fact that James McKenna (McParlan) was a detective was given to members of the organization through Catholic priests has never been denied."

A large number of Molly Maguires were now arrested and placed on their trials for various murders and conspiracies to murder. They were nearly all convicted, and either sentenced to death or imprisonment. The villanies exposed during the trials were of the most revolting character. Mr. Dewees tells us:

"In describing to each other any outrage or murder committed, the 'Mollies' seem to revel in the recollection of the agony and sufferings of the victim. Several have asserted that the great pleasure of a murder consisted in hearing what they termed the 'squeal' of the dying man."

On the trial of John Kehoe and others at Pottsville, in August, 1876, for conspiracy to murder, McParlan was called on as a witness. He clearly identified the Molly Maguires with the Ancient Order of Hibernians, as may be seen by the subjoined extracts from his evidence:

"State whether, after you came to this county, you joined any secret organization? Yes, sir.

"What was the name of it? The Ancient Order of Hibernians, more commonly called the Molly Maguires.

"State whether or not it was a secret Order? Yes, sir, a secret Order.

"Was it known by any other name than the Ancient Order of Hibernians? It had several names; it was known as Molly Maguires, Buckshots, etc.

"How did members know one another, it being a secret organization? By signs and passwords.

"Proceed, and tell us whether there was any higher degree in the Order? Yes, sir; there was still what was called the Board of Erin.

"Of how many members was it composed? It was composed, I understand, of delegates from England, Ireland, and Scotland.

"How many from each place? I do not think the number was limited; I never understood it to be.

"Where did they meet? They met at different places. Sometimes in England, sometimes in Scotland, and sometimes in Ireland.

"They were called the Board of Erin? Yes, sir; that is what I understand.

"You have stated that the members were known to each other by signs and passwords. From whom were these signs received? They were received from the Board of Erin.

"To whom were they sent in this country? They were sent to the National Delegate.

"By this Board of Erin? Yes, sir.

"Did you ever hear by whom they were sent? Well, I have heard it talked among the members that a party who was steward on the Inman Line used to carry the 'goods.'

"Among the members? Yes, sir.

"To whom were these 'goods' distributed by the National Officers of New York? Distributed to the different State delegates.

"What was the practice of this organization in reference to committing crimes? It was a general practice to commit crimes.

"How was it done? Generally when there was an outrage to be committed, in the district where it was going to be committed the Division Master of that district would either apply to another Division or to the County Delegate to get men who were unknown to the parties upon whom the outrage was to be perpetrated. These men would come and commit this outrage, and he would give a guarantee that if they wanted a like favour in their locality he would send the men. The men generally selected for that purpose were strangers.

"You say this constitution and by laws is the written law of the Ancient Order of Hibernians? Yes, sir, the written law.

"State whether the constitution sets forth the practice and written law of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It neither sets forth the practice nor the written law, which is the main embodiment of the Order.

"They are governed by the unwritten law, and that is a mere cover? Yes, sir."

About seventy Molly Maguires were arrested in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Of these twelve were found guilty of murder in the first degree, and four of being accessory to murder; sixteen of conspiracy to murder; six of perjury; one of assault with intent to kill; eight of aiding and abetting a murder; one of assault and battery; one for aiding in the escape of a murderer, and several others of lesser

crimes. The sum-total of the time of their sentences amounted to a hundred and twenty-four years and eight months. Eleven of the number were sentenced to death.

PURITY LAW VS. FREE PRESS.

Proceedings of the Catholic Church Under the Statute in the Case of Watson.

(By Franklin Steiner.)

One living man who has drawn upon his head the wrath of Rome in greater abundance than any other, is Thomas E. Watson, lawyer, politician, author, editor and polemic. In the minds of well disciplined Catholics, when his name is mentioned, there arises the image of a man like to the image in the mind of the ignorant, fanatical Protestant when you speak the name of Thomas Paine. Those who get their information from The Sunday Visitor and other Catholic excuses for papers, are bound to think Watson a perfect Caliban, vile and low, with no other object than to spew forth vulgarity, to deprave his fellow creatures and to defame good people. You are almost led to think his very name unfit for polite ears. In their extremity they have gone so far as to assume that the people of Georgia, where he has lived all his life, are as depraved as himself, because no jury in that State will punish him for his awful crimes. During the Middle Ages men were burnt at stake for far milder offenses than Watson has committed against the church. Were he living in Spain he would long ago have met the fate of Ferrer. In any strong Catholic community in the United States he could hardly escape assassination.

Seriously speaking, Mr. Watson takes a first place among American authors. He has written several histories that have become standard. They were orginally published by the Macmillans, an international publishing house of the highest character. His history of France is regarded as a standard by the French government, certainly a great tribute to its author. His style is fascinating, and some of his passages are real prose poems. He was offered a big salary by a prominent New York daily as an editorial contributor, but refused, preferring to be independent in his utterances in his own papers, The Jeffersonian and Watson's Magazine.

In whatever cause Mr. Watson has entered he has proved himself a hard but fair fighter. In the days of the Populist movement he was feared by Wall Street more than any other leader of that party. In 1890 he was elected to Congress, but was defeated in 1892—as he claims by fraud. He is very severe in denunciation of what he considers corruption in government, of monopolies, trusts and class legislation—in fact, so much so that his opponents have always been willing to let him alone in a fair contest. His recent exposure of the "cotton steal" has attracted attention. The Southern farmer was forced to sell his cotton for thirty dollars a bale. The Government furnished the money to the brokers who bought it after refusing rural credit to the farmer. This being accomplished, the same Government insured the same cotton just before shipment abroad for seventy dollars a bale. **Mr. Watson laid this transaction, which involves Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, before the public.** It aroused great anger in official circles, but no one denied that Watson told the truth. He has exposed Northern corporations that have exploited the Southern people, among them the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. His latest big fight was over the Leo Frank case, for which his enemies are now taking measures to punish him. Although a Baptist, he has exposed the foreign mission graft. We may not always agree with him, but we are forced to concede that he possesses two qualities in journalism rarely found today—independence and honesty of utterance. While for years a storm center in fights against corruption, no one ever thought of prosecuting him until he attacked the Catholic church. Voluminous writer as he has been, he has never been accused of libel, slander or any other offense that a newspaper man might in the nature of his business commit, until he exposed the teachings and practices of Romanism. Then he was nailed on the old stock charge of religious people against their opponents—"obscenity." Does it not then look as if the "obscenity" were in the subject rather than in the man? No one, so far as I am aware, has ever assailed Mr. Watson's personal character. was born and has lived continuously under the public eye. There, subtracting the Catholics, who are few, the men who profit through the corrupt interests he has denounced and their friends, also few in number, ninety per cent. of the people are his friends. Four years ago, when it was intimated that his presence in the national Democratic convention would be distasteful to Cardinal Gibbons, Georgia Democrats showed their contempt for Romish domination by placing him at the head of the delegation.

Romanists, in the extremity to which they have resorted in their efforts to stifle Watson's voice and bring him into disrepute, are really idiotic. They have reached the pass where they not only vilify him but the people of Georgia and sometimes the people of the entire South. While the Southern States have had many evils to contend with—negro slavery, civil war, Northern grafters called carpet-baggers, the supremacy of the black race and

Protestant bigotry and superstition—they are to be congratulated that the Roman Catholic priesthood has not yet got its hands around their throats as in most of the Northern States.

Mr. Watson's troubles originated about five years ago, when he began the publication of a series of articles in his magazine entitled "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy." These have since been placed in book form and have had a wide circulation. They have been followed by many other books, exposing Romanism politically, historically and morally. All of these books are written in Mr. Watson's clear, pungent style, and all his statements are fortified by facts. But one writer seriously attempted to answer him, a non-Catholic, C. A. Windle, editor of Brann's Iconoclast. With some success Mr. Windle did show that Mr. Watson's historical expose of Romanism amounted to an exposure equally damaging to Protestantism. He was not prepared, however, to enter into a defense of Romanism as a system.

The first action of the church was taken through Anthony Matre, secretary of the Federation of Catholic Societies, who seems to be its agent for dirty work. At this time Mr. Watson carried a large number of profitable advertisements. Matre wrote to the firms holding these; he protested against Watson's attack upon his church, and requested them to write Watson and do the same. They understood the hint, which meant that if said advertisements were continued the firms would lose Catholic patronage, in other words, be boycotted. Almost in a body the advertisers withdrew. This action of Matre was clearly criminal, as the mails cannot be used to proclaim a boycott. Undaunted, Mr. Watson continued to send forth "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy" to the world. Matre next prevailed upon the American News Company to cease handling the Watson publications. Though he lost his advertisers and his news-stand sales and was obliged to sacrifice valuable property accumulated through a lucrative practice of law and successful literary ventures, the gritty Georgian still defied Rome and her henchmen to do their worst. And to prove the utter lack of principle on which Matre and his crowd proceed, after exerting all their efforts to ruin Mr. Watson financially, they yet tell us that he only assails Catholicism "for the money there is in it."

The success of the Federation of Catholic Societies in their work of intimidation seemed to have hit a snag when they began to deal with Watson, who in his defiance of them reminds us of William Lloyd Garrison's defiance of the slave power. They had failed either to silence or ruin him. There remained one re-

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course, Section 211 of the Federal Statutes, known as the "obscenity law." To say nothing of the expense, personal exactions and discomforts incident to a prosecution under this law, the ignorant, unreading and unthinking consider a person indicted under it to be a very wicked man. Even if they failed to convict, they knew they could cause great inconvenience and in the minds of some impair reputation. Following their general tactics of denying everything, the church and its lay societies have stated that they were not responsible for Watson's prosecution. They would have us believe that the Government officials were led to investigate his offenses in the regular routine of their duties. But prosecutions for "obscenity" are generally different from others in the fact that the investigators are not compelled to show their hand, but can hide behind the skirts of post office inspectors. Anyone with a vindictive spirit against a paper calls the attention of these officials, who prepare the evidence, and both they and the prosecuting attorneys refuse to divulge the identity of the informants. But in denying any connection with the prosecution, we are able to show from circumstantial evidence that in this case Catholic veracity is about as veracious as it generally is elsewhere.—The Truth Seeker.

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